Vol. CXXXII. No 1717.

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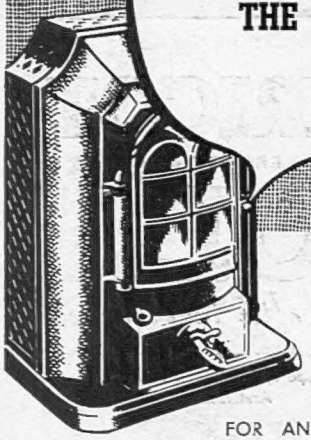

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The Bystander, November 11, 1936 No. 1717. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

For Remembrance

A War Memorial near Verdun, photographed by Norman Parkinson who visited a French battlefield to take this and other pictures (pp. 244-5) for the Armistice Day Number of the *Bystander*

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 46

Rebecca West

MRS. HENRY MAXWELL ANDREWS was still Cicily Isabel Fairfield when she chose the name of Rebecca West from the Ibsen heroine in *Rosmersholm*. It was necessary at the time because her mother did not allow a periodical called *The Freewoman* in the house, and she had sent an article to this publication with the immediate result that the editor booked her for a long-term contract, and proposed to put her name on the posters in connection therewith. She was then eighteen, and was recuperating from fifteen months' dire failure both at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and on tour, when she played minor parts in *The Ghosts* at Eastbourne, Brighton, and other provincial centres.

Her first book was *The Life of Henry James*, published in 1916. Her first big success was *The Return of the Soldier*. Her most recent book of all, *The Thinking Reed*, has been her greatest triumph.

REBECCA WEST is of medium height, with dark brown eyes, and dark hair of so fine a texture that, unless she has it "fixed" every week, it looks rather like a gorse bush. She talks well and amusingly. She has numbers of strong likes and dislikes. She is a considerable gourmet, having a great fondness for smoked trout and pheasant pie. She prefers beer to most wines; hates champagne, and likes heavy burgundies and cider. She hates seed-cake, having her nails filed, the clipped accents of Melton Mowbray, Wagner, a certain contemporary authoress, Tudor houses, and giving lectures.

She is devoted to P. G. Wodehouse, and her closest friends are G. B. Stern, the Frere Reeves', and Alexander Woollcott. She writes very fast and has frequently completed twenty thousand-word long-short stories in four days. She finds that if she dictates she becomes a totally different personality, and unless lecturing she gets stage fright if she is in a room with more than eight people, which she shows by being rather calm and aggressive.

REBECCA WEST cannot paint for toffee, which rather surprises her because she likes it so much. She is shocked that painting and music have become so fashionable. She is feminine enough to like having flowers sent to her. As a girl she was a goodish pianist, which is not surprising as her uncle was the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, President of the Royal Academy of Music. She prefers the Labour Party to any other political organisation, though she thinks it has become very soft. She has great vitality, but suffers occasionally from acute melancholia. It always gets her mad if people say that anybody, however poor, can get anywhere if he has the ambition. She claims to be very Presbyterian. She lives in Orchard Court, dislikes most scent, over-acting, and facetiousness; was born on Christmas Day, 1892, and says that her epitaph will be: "She married a banker in 1930."

Charles Graves

Miss Joyce Wethered and Sir John Heathcoat-Amory

Sir John Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Joyce Wethered announced their engagement a few weeks ago, and are planning to be married in January. This photograph of them was taken at Knightshayes, Sir John Heathcoat-Amory's place at Tiverton in Devon. The opening meet of the Tiverton was held there last week; Sir John and his brother Derick have been joint-Masters of this pack since 1930. Sir John is the third baronet, succeeded in 1931, and owns a place in Perthshire, as well as Knightshayes. Miss Wethered, who is as popular among golfers as she is outstanding among women players, is also a good pianist, and, so it is reported, a pretty googly bowler. Her last golfing success was to win the Worplesdon Foursomes once more with the Hon. Thomas Coke as her partner

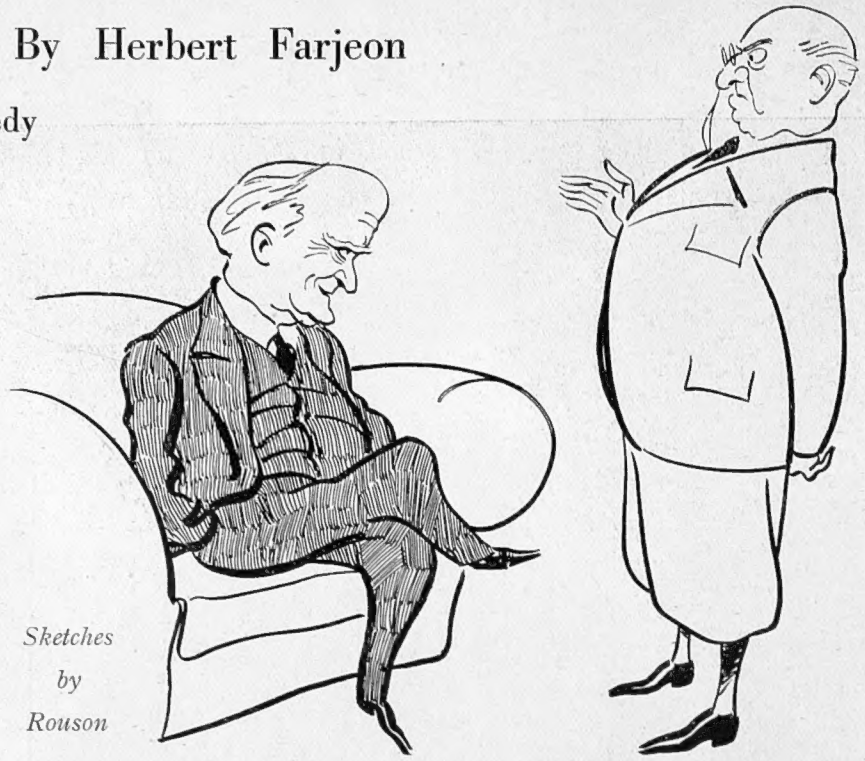
The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Leslie Banks in a New Comedy

"Till the Cows Come Home" (St. Martin's)

HERE is a comedy with a happy idea. Imagine, first, a Cabinet Minister who proclaims that, in time of peace we must prepare for war, that attack is the best means of defence, and that a thoroughly aggressive policy is what England needs to make her what she was. Imagine him carrying the country (which here means the electorate) with him. Imagine him going to the country (which now means a peaceful village in a rural district) for a rest. And then imagine him applying his national principles to local affairs, as when he finds a hostile farmer refusing to release certain cows which have strayed on to his pasture and are consuming his clover.

Now, whether the Cabinet Minister is motivated by his own pugnacious nature—whether he is influenced by the fact that it was he who caused the trouble by leaving a gate open—or whether his judgment has been affected by the considerable charms of the young lady who owns the cows—let others speculate. The point enlisting our interest is that just as the family is the microcosm of the state, so a village may be the microcosm of a whole continent. And when the Cabinet Minister organises an army of yokels with firearms to frighten the farmer into submission by a display of superior force we look forward to some development of a satirical nature which will provide an apt commentary on larger issues.



Sketches by Rouson

John Marrison (C. V. France) quips at the expense of Sir Arnold Phring (Marcus Barron)

WILL the farmer conquer or be conquered? Will force be more effective than law? Will the nice young lady get her cows back as a consequence of the Cabinet Minister's dictatorial behaviour? What happens is this. The two armies meet. The farmer, far from being frightened into submission, turns out to have more firearms than the Cabinet Minister himself. An opening skirmish looks like developing into a full-blooded conflict. But at this point, the farmer's wife, who has been expecting again, suddenly betrays an urgent need for the doctor. The nice young lady dashes off to fetch the nurse. And the farmer, eternally grateful, gives her back her cows in the nick of milking-time.

Which, as the denouement of a story may be all very well. But as the denouement of a satire, it just burkes the issue. No war has ever been stopped, and no war ever will be, through the humanitarian instincts of both sides being suddenly aroused by some occurrence, quite independent of the war, that calls for sympathetic attention. Geoffrey Kerr, the author of *Till the Cows Come Home*, leaves us in mid-air, to come down, as he flies off on his own, with a rather disappointing bump.

BY far the most amusing scenes in the piece are those in which Marcus Barron, as the Cabinet Minister's specialist, marshals an army of words in the best Harley Street style to conceal the fact that he knows no more than a general practitioner. Here is a scene worthy of Molière or Goldoni, and though one may hesitate to endorse James Agate's startling pronouncement that Mr. Barron is "easily the best actor on the English stage," most excellently does he play his part.

For the rest, there are Leslie Banks (who also designed the set), vitalising the Cabinet Minister with unflagging assiduity; C. V. France, that rock of dependability, as his father; and Adrienne Allen, the most resolute ingenue of the moment. Also H. R. Hignett, who has brought a touch of sensitiveness to every part I have seen him play during the past quarter of a century, and Marjorie Fielding, who is good fun as one of those hearty county ladies who bicycle from victim to victim, picking up news, organising jumble sales, and generally making themselves as unwelcome as they are useful.

Determined on peace, even if it means war: Robert Marrison (Leslie Banks)

Peace at any price brigade: Joan Forrester (Adrienne Allen)

Anthony

The Countess of Listowel

This new portrait of Lady Listowel was taken since she arrived home from her round-the-world trip. She went to America first on a lecture tour, spoke in sixty of the biggest cities there, including Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, and on such subjects as Central European politics, Hungary past and present, the position of women in Europe. Then she came back via Russia, but as a sightseer and not as a lecturer. She herself is Hungarian, was Judith Marffy-Mantuano, and married Lord Listowel in 1933. They live in Onslow Gardens, have a year-old daughter, who was christened Deirdre Elisabeth Freda. Lord Listowel's elder sister, Lady Patricia Hare, is being married to-morrow to Charles Milnes Gaskell, his younger sister married Lord Elveden in July, and his eldest brother, the Hon. Richard Hare, announced his engagement last week to Dora Gordine

ROOSEVELT SUPREME IN NEW CONGRESS

LOSES ONLY TWO SMALL STATES TO REPUBLICAN

GREATEST VICTORY FOR A PRESIDENT SINCE 1820

LANDON DEPRIVED OF HIS OWN STATE GOVERNORSHIP

Roosevelt Looks To Britain

OFFERS TRADE PACT

"Greater Power Than Napoleon"

By C. Y. R. THOMPSON.
Daily Express Staff Reporter
NEW YORK, Wednesday.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, BECAME TODAY THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

America's millions, voting yesterday in the most bitter, the most vital presidential campaign of the century, gave him and his New Deal the greatest mandate they've given any man since George Washington became the Republic's first President unopposed.

Roosevelt was still...

EXCITED DEALINGS AFTER ROOSEVELT TRIUMPH

EXCITED dealings in transatlantic shares occurred on the London Stock Exchange to-day after yesterday's Presidential result and the big advance in stocks on Wall Street.

Dealers arrived earlier than usual, and found large buying orders to be carried

WALL STREET LEAPS IN THE DARK

GROANING inwardly at the President victory, Wall Street brokers trebl their turnover of shares and pushed ... points or more.

ROOSEVELT, 23,160,365: LANDON, 14,423,777

NEW LINE-UP: OLD PARTIES GOING

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
NEW YORK, Wednesday.

ROOSEVELT'S sensational re-election as President of the United States will be followed by an equally sensational new line-up in American politics.

The 1936 presidential elections may well go down in history as marking the end of the old Party system in the States.

For there is no doubt that th... majority of men and wom...

TASKS BEFORE PRESIDENT

A NATION'S FAITH

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
WASHINGTON, Nov. 4

President Roosevelt's victory over Governor Landon will almost certainly be greater than any in American political history. Mr. Roosevelt has won the electoral vote of every State in the Union except Maine and Vermont, which gives him ... votes to Mr. Landon's eight, ...

Mr. Roosevelt

Mr. Landon

The Most Powerful Man in the World

"An American President, chosen for the second time, and knowing that by tradition there can never be a third, chosen, moreover, after four years' trial by an overwhelming preponderance of votes, is undoubtedly the most powerful individual ruler in the world." So the *Times* summed up Mr. Roosevelt's position in commenting on his great victory last week. But Mr. Roosevelt will need all his native vigour and resource, all the enthusiasm his amazing popular win must inspire in him to face the problems sprouting like thistles on the Presidential path — labour's restless struggle for better conditions, the implacable hostility of big business to almost any reform, the plight of the farmer (drought or no drought), the danger of a new boom-slump seesaw, the rigidity of the Constitution, the international situation. A noteworthy incident of this historical election was the exchange of telegrams between victor and vanquished — Mr. Landon's gallant message of congratulation, and Mr. Roosevelt's reply — and the fact that Brazil is inscribing these on the records of its Chamber "as an example to be followed by all peoples faithful to democracy"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S re-election was never in doubt for one moment, but no one ever dreamt of predicting such a slashing victory. Of course, the personal element entered into the contest to a very large extent. The maximum of charm and magnetism was pitted against a very nice nonentity. But there was a good deal more than that in it as well. The really significant thing about the election was the behaviour of Wall Street when the result became known. Instead of gloom and apprehension of impending catastrophe, everyone was buoyant and optimistic. The financial elements, which had been for four years preaching that Roosevelt and ruin were synonymous, were the first people to register their delight in his return to the White House. The fact is that the United States are on the upgrade and everyone knew it, and nobody wanted a change of administration with all its accompanying confusion and uncertainty. The worst parts of the New Deal—from the financial point of view—have been either removed or toned down, and the Social Reform part of it has been more or less accepted.

EVERYONE will admire the fine spirit of Mr. Landon's acceptance of the result. There was no complaining, no putting forward of excuses, not even the claim to a moral victory which is the custom of the defeated candidate in our Parliamentary elections. Mr. Landon simply said: "The nation has spoken. Every American will accept the verdict, and will work for the common cause of the good of the country. That is the spirit of democracy." And that is the spirit of sportsmanship.

THE Duce's speech at Milan was an odd mixture of pacific statesmanship and truculence. He held out a Mediterranean olive-branch in one fist, and shook the other. "Be my brother or I 'll kill you" was the general tone. His main demand is, of course, for a recognition of his Abyssinian conquest. That will set the seal upon the whole adventure. And once again he is using the same old familiar bludgeon—the whole-hearted dislike of war of the British and French democracies. He has been so successful with it in the past that he may be excused, perhaps, for continuing to brandish it.

ON the other hand, Signor Mussolini's references to France have caused strong indignation there. Remembering the destructive part which M. Laval played in hindering and watering down the application of Sanctions in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, the French naturally expected a little gratitude. Surely rather a naïve expectation in these days of tough realism.

The Queen's Recovered Health

Queen Mary got over her cold very rapidly and was fulfilling public engagements again last week: she visited the exhibition and sale of goods made by war-disabled men at the South Kensington Imperial Institute. It will be open until the 25th

HUNGARY, of course, is wildly excited at Mussolini's emphatic, almost violent advocation of her revisionist claims in the Danube Valley. The Hungarians are an optimistic, and often rather unpractical, race, and already they are counting their chickens. As these yet unhatched birds consist of substantial parts of all three Powers of the Little Entente, I think the Hungarians need be in no immediate hurry to buy an incubator.

THE British note of protest to Germany was dignified and reasonable. It is flat rubbish to ascribe the present-day suffering in Germany to our having "stolen" her colonies. The present-day suffering—and I always thought that Nazidom had made everything perfect—can only be due to General Göring's avowed determination to substitute guns for butter. And it has been shrewdly pointed out that in the days when the Fatherland possessed bits of Africa and elsewhere, more patriotic Germans preferred to live in Paris than in the entire German colonial empire.

ALTHOUGH many important pieces of legislation were foreshadowed in his Majesty's Speech at the Opening of Parliament, probably the three which catch the public eye are (i.) the announcement of the King's visit to India after the Coronation; (ii.) the Bill for dealing more strongly with people who kick up trouble in streets and public places; and (iii.) the Bill to tighten up the control of clubs. There was, as usual, no word of any measure to restore a little of our lost freedom. What is wanted is a Bill to loosen the control of clubs—and pubs.

THE Socialists have had a crack in the eye at the municipal elections. At a time when a normal swing of the pendulum against five years of National Government might have been expected, the Socialists have had a net loss of 81 seats. I cannot help thinking that their municipal colleagues (or is it comrades ?) have suffered from the wobbliness and feebleness of the Parliamentary Party. Without in any way taking sides in party-politics, I cannot see the country being swept off its feet by the Attlees, the Morrisons, and the Greenwoods, worthy though they may be. Worthiness is not enough.

THE murder of Giafar Pasha in the Irak coup d'état removes one of the most picturesque figures of the war. As a commander on the enemy side he was decorated with the Iron Cross and was sent in a German submarine to organise the tribe of the Senussi against

(Concluded on page 229)

The Duchess of York at Toc H

On the afternoon of the day when the King opened Parliament the Duchess of York attended the Toc H reception at the Hyde Park Hotel; with her is the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton

Lenare

The Hon. Alicia Browne Is Engaged

Alicia Browne is one of the most beautiful Irish girls of the decade, but because she lives mostly in the country and never publicity-hunts, she has had much less notice taken of her than many a so-called beauty with half her looks. Now she has announced her engagement to a Scotsman and an ex-sailor, Lieut.-Commander Edward Edmonstone, who is the younger son of Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone, of Dunheath Castle, Stirlingshire. She is twenty-six, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Kilmaine, and a granddaughter of the eighty-nine-year-old Marquess of Ailsa

Bâton for His Own Score

Dr. Richard Strauss, the seventy-two-year-old composer, conducted the Dresden State Opera and Orchestra in his own "Ariadne auf Naxos" at Covent Garden on Friday. The night before Sir Hugh Allen had presented him with the Royal Philharmonic Society's Gold Medal

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 227)

us in North Africa. He was successful in that until the Dorset Yeomanry captured him in a famous charge—one of the few on record in which cavalry rode down machine-guns. He very nearly escaped from prison in Egypt, and later was allowed to join Lawrence's Arabs and fight for the Allies. Allenby decorated him, and sent the Dorset Yeomanry as a Guard of Honour at the ceremony. Giafar, whose sense of humour was acute, thought that this was a capital joke, and retaliated by insisting on wearing his Iron Cross.

THE "rehabilitation" of General Gough by Mr. Lloyd George will have considerable interest for historians. It will show to them that the war-lords, in spite of their vast powers, were always feverishly on the look-out for scapegoats to offer to the populace, in spite of the vast docility of the populace. Nobody, outside a handful of foolish demagogues and unscrupulous press-magnates, howled for heads upon chargers, and yet heads on chargers were being perpetually thrust upon them. Smith-Dorrien was one, Jellicoe another, and now it appears that Gough was a third. Gough was asked to hold an impossibly long line, with an absurdly small force. So Gough was fired.

G. K. CHESTERTON'S autobiography, which has just appeared, is completely characteristic of that great man. Every page is bubbling with good humour and wit and wisdom. The story of the Beaconsfield War Memorial and how the village voted for a Club and got a Cross instead, and was perfectly satisfied, is in itself a little masterpiece of social, religious, and philosophical lucidity. But the main impression that one gets out of the book is that this giant was one of the most modest of men. He always was in a state of profound admiration for others, and of profound surprise at himself.

THERE seems to be no end to the power of the wireless. It can even rescue almost-forgotten authors from oblivion to the tune of making people go to shops and plank down hard cash for their works. I am told by booksellers that a sudden demand for *The Mill on the Floss* has arisen—for the first time in living memory—since Mr. Eric Gillett began to broadcast readings of it.

GERALD GOULD, who has died at the early age of fifty-one, was the most distinguished reviewer of novels of the last decade or two. Every week he read five or six of them, however long, and he was always able to be fresh and original. His criticisms were kindly whenever it was remotely possible, but he did not spare pretentiousness and insincerity. Gould was really a poet, and his book-reviews were really the short essays of a poet. An immense number of devoted friends will mourn him.

AN example of the unfairness of the American copyright-law is the treatment of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Ever since they first appeared, they have been simply regarded as public property. Anyone who wanted to produce them just produced them, and paid not a penny to Gilbert, or to Sullivan, or to D'Oyly Carte. It was piracy and nothing else. Now the Paramount Film Company want to make films of them, and, if the negotiations are completed, the money will be the very first that American producers have ever paid to the D'Oyly Carte estate. I am afraid that Mr. Roosevelt will be too busy to amend the copyright-law, but all the same, it is high time that it was amended.

THERE continues to be a grave shortage of sporting-news, except for those who are interested in professional snooker pool, which I fear I am not, or in public-school fencing, about which I feel pretty much the same. There only remains our heroic band of cripples, who are proposing on December the 4th to engage the full cricketing strength of Australia in the first Test Match. So far, only Mr. Allen can take wickets, and only Hammond and Barnett can make runs. Against South Australia Hammond scored, in the two innings, about forty runs more than all the rest of the side put together.

MR. KENNETH LINDSAY, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, who has just started to fly to Australia to attend the South Australia centenary celebrations, and various other functions, is a lucky man. Being an enthusiastic cricketer, and an extremely fine fast bowler incidentally, with a devastating whip-back from the off, he is certain to sneak away from some of the official jamborees to watch a Test Match or two.

AN APOLOGY

WE very much regret to learn that it has been suggested that Mr. Bentley's drawing, which appeared in our issue of the 28th October last, on page 150, refers to Mr. Ramon H. Wings, who gives lectures at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on the curing of stammering. We wish definitely to state that this is not the case. Mr. Wings is a lecturer of repute, and no reference to him or his work was intended.

Miss Horsbrugh Addressed the Throne

The senior M.P. for Dundee is the first woman to have moved the Address in reply to the gracious Speech. She created a precedent with brown velvet evening dress and long white gloves (men wear Court dress)

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay Left for Australia

The M.P. for Kilmarnock, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, left Croydon for Adelaide, where he will be the principal English delegate at the South Australia Centenary celebrations. He is going to inspect Singapore on the way

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. C. d'A. Willis and Miss Kearsley

Charles d'Anyers Willis, Coldstream Guards, married Ursula Kearsley, the only child of Brig.-General and Mrs. Harvey Kearsley, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Willis is the only son of the late Richard d'Anyers Willis and the Hon. Mrs. Willis; his mother is Lord Massereene's sister

Mr. Michael Nairn and Miss Helen Bruce

The High Commissioner for Australia gave away his niece, Helen Louise Bruce, at her St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding to Michael Nairn, only son of Sir Michael and Lady Nairn, of Elie House, Fife. The bride is the younger daughter of the late Major E. J. W. Bruce, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Graham-Clarke, of 39, Hill Street, W.

Fraulein Hubsch

Below: Lady Curzon was the chairman of the Silver Ball at Grosvenor House and took a large party; the Swiss Minister was one of her guests

Lady Curzon and M. Paravicini

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

FINE autumn weather makes the laziest people energetic. The guns are popping away all over the place, a new interest in golf is noticeable, and the non-players and non-shooters are glad of any excuse to accompany either on foot.

At Vaynol, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith is planning a series of shooting parties between now and Christmas; Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne are expecting a batch of guests and guns on the eleventh.

It's That That Gets Us

A COUPLE of young married couples who followed each other round the links at Tichborne last week-end were the young squire and his bride, and the Vincent Paravicinis; she, wearing a very attractive suit of claret-coloured suède.

They are one of the most attractive-looking couples one sees around, he so tall and good-looking, and she, pale, small and soignée, and possessed of rare poise and charm in anyone so young. Her intelligence is scarcely to be wondered at when you consider both parents, but it is her good manners and quiet sense of humour that gets us.

Engaged in a Dual Capacity

MRS. SMITH-DORRIEN, that black-haired beauty who works in a dress-shop in Bruton Street, was staying with the Tichbornes. She works from nine till six, goes to lots of parties, and is a keen racegoer.

There are few young women who manage to combine the art of wearing clothes extremely well with a real business sense. One feels Mrs. Smith-Dorrien would be wasted as either a vendeuse or a mannequin. Her employers wisely engage her in the dual capacity.

Dinner in an Alcove

AN expensive but very enjoyable hobby is the amateur cinema. Amusing records of holidays, week-ends, and the would-be dramatic efforts of one's friends are apt to be extremely diverting when run through afterwards.

Mr. Charles Birkin has been a successful amateur producer for several years; and he and his friends take part in the most remarkable dramas for the screen.

He showed some the other evening to an amused and admiring audience in his Portman Square "pent-house," where one dines in a curtained-off alcove at one end of the large sitting-room.

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran, who ties up her curly coiffeur with a little black bow, and her husband were there; Mr. Michael Renshaw, who appeared in several of the films, and Mr. Walter Crisham with his charming, white-haired mother, who is visiting him from the States.

By the way, why has Mrs. Peter Horlick never thought of a film career? Or has she?

Her unconsciously clever performance in several of these films amazed us. In addition to very photogenic features, she seemed to be doing exactly the right thing at the right moment with complete naturalness, entirely without any trace of the over-acting, and self-consciousness of the usual amateur.

Faithful to One Style

AMONG the supper throng at the San Marco last Monday night, interest focussed on one large party consisting of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, and Prince and Princess Bismarck, the latter looking quite lovely in a shimmering turquoise-blue dress.

Lady Louis, too, who is still sunburnt after her many travels, looked as beautiful as ever, and is one of the faithful adherents to one style of hairdressing;

and Lady Weigall

Above: Fraulein Hubsch, the Viennese prima donna sang at the Silver Ball; she is with Lady Weigall, Lady Curzon's mother. The Ball was in aid of the British Homœopathic Association

At the Private View of Cecil Beaton's Ballet Décor Exhibition

Above are two attractive ex-debutantes, Miss Jennifer Fry and Miss Sanchia Whitworth. Above on the right are Lady Honor Channon, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, and Mr. Beaton himself. The exhibition (at the Redfern Gallery) consists of sketches for the décor of the three ballets. Cecil Beaton has been responsible for— "The First Shoot," "Apparitions," and "Pavillon"

At the Opera

The Duchess of Buccleuch and M. Paul Maze were at the first night of the Dresden State Opera season which makes Covent Garden feel as if the summer was here again. The season is a two-weeks' one

a smooth side-parting and a small roll in the neck.

The fascinating Mme. Letellier was also in this party, and at another table we noticed the youthful Lady Patricia Mackay dining with Miss Mala Brand, the Hon. Charles Baillie Hamilton, and Mr. Cecil Latta.

A young coloured artiste called Una Carlisle is a worthy successor to Garland Wilson at the San Marco, and that is saying a mouthful.

She is a comparative newcomer to the West End, but has made a successful appearance at several parties.

Sailing List

Mrs. Michael Portman sailed for New York in the Aquitania last week, Lady Castlerosse has either sailed or is sailing; so is Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce. We hear of Mrs. Anita Prinsep and Mrs. Barbara Walsh making plans to spend Christmas over there; Mr. Eddie Tatham embarks on his annual trip somewhere around the New Year, and is going to Nassau, Havana and Hollywood, and coming home via New York in the spring.

Optimists Were Turned Away

On the first night of *Parnell* at the New Theatre, the Savoy Grill resembled a star night at Covent Garden in June, tables stretching almost to the swing doors, and optimists who had not booked being turned ruthlessly away.

Lovely Lady Elizabeth Paget was supping with Herr Kommer; Lord and Lady Herbert, she in an enviable mink coat, were in a large party, his younger brother David was searching for Mrs. Poppet Jackson, and just as we were leaving, we ran into Miss Claire Elwes, that very charming girl who never allows her London friends to see half enough of her.

A Slice of Heaven

Mrs. Philip Hill in an ermine coat with a sable collar and very imposing diamonds, was at an outer edge table with her sister, Mrs. Toye and some friends.

She and her husband are off early next month, with Gertrude Lady Dudley and the Sopwiths, first to New York and then to Florida, eventually picking up their yacht Caroline, and embarking on a divine expedition to Honolulu, South Sea Islands, etcetera. They expect to be away for several months, and it all sounds like a slice of heaven to fog-bound, house-bound Londoners like ourselves.

Rows of Chickens

Sartori, late of the Dorchester and the Negresco at Nice, has certainly captured the nice, comfortable provençal atmosphere at his new Coq d'Or restaurant in Stratton Street.

The walls are panelled with a typical old French chintz, rows of chickens roll round and round on the spit, and it all reminds you of those delightful auberges that one visits when motoring through France.

We saw Lady Juliet Duff there on the opening night; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Baron dining tête-à-tête, and Lady Sheila Durlacher, the prettiest woman in the room, who left early to go on to Mr. Edward Voules' party in Bruton Street. His entertainment we must leave until next week to describe more fully. It was too good a party to dismiss with a casual word, and we have neither time nor space to-day.

MISS PEEPS

Peter North

The Countess of Plymouth

While her husband presides over the quarrels of the international Spanish non-intervention committee, Lady Plymouth is hard at work on two London committees: she is chairman of the Blue Bird Ball (Claridge's, November 24th) which is in aid of the Belgrave Children's Hospital, and on the executive of the Red Cross Ball (Grosvenor House, November 25th)

Anthony

Isobel Elsom is Beethoven's Patroness in "Muted Strings"

Isobel Elsom plays the part of Princess Lichnowsky, Countess of Thun, in Arthur Watkyn's first-play, *Muted Strings*, which had its London first-night yesterday. Keneth Kent plays Beethoven and Miss Elsom's part is that of "loyal friend and patron" to the composer, although she may well have been more than this in history. And although the theme of the play is Beethoven's passion for an unknown "immortal beloved" (a kind of musical Dark Lady), taken by the author to be Countess Giulietta Guicciardi (Jane Baxter), Isobel Elsom's part is the feminine lead. She returns to the London stage in this part after a year of repertory at Cardiff, where she has played lead in more than twenty different pieces. Before that she was Helen Norton in *Living Dangerously* and before that, since her first stage appearance in the chorus of *The Quaker Girl* (Adelphi: 1911) she had played a multitude of parts, from Galsworthy to pantomime, in London, the provinces, New York, and Melbourne. She married, as his second wife, Maurice Elvey, Julius Hagen's director of productions

Films of the Day

Nothing to Be Enthusiastic About: By George Campbell

ANNA NEAGLE, Tullio Carminati, Leslie Banks, and the director, Herbert Wilcox, are all such charming people that one hates to say anything unkind about *The Three Maxims*. Especially as it is all so well meant. But the fact remains that this British circus drama is a poorish carbon copy of a very fine French production—exciting where the situation is practically actor-proof and director-proof, and thoroughly dull in the early scenes where an attempt should have been made to build up atmosphere and characterisation.

The principal characters are three acrobats—an Irish girl (Anna Neagle), a Scots strong man (Leslie Banks), and an Italian (Tullio Carminati). The men both love Miss Neagle, the Scotsman is mad with jealousy, and so the question arises as to whether the Italian's life, when he has to depend on his rival to catch him in mid-air, is what actuaries would consider a good risk. Most of us would have called the turn off—at any rate, until a new partner had been found, or the Scotsman had recovered from his native passions. Not so Mr. Carminati. This, he urges, is the trio's chance. The manager is relying on them. On with the show!

In the end, of course, his optimism is justified. The girl faints under the strain and remains balanced, in an unconscious condition, across her swinging bar—a difficult feat, I should have thought, even with your wits about you. The Scotsman is brought to a sense of realities by her peril, sends the Italian flying through the air with the greatest of ease to her rescue, and all ends well. Unless, of course, you happen to have seen that terrific drama *Vaudeville*, and know how brilliantly, unforgettably, it handled the same situation. Jannings played the jealous lover (husband in the respectable English version), the enchanting, ill-starred Lya de Putti was the siren, and Warwick Ward, the English actor who dropped out of sight when the talkies came in, was the other man.

Vaudeville was memorable not only for its passion, its honesty and its magnificent acting and direction, but also as the forerunner of a new craze in cinematography. The director had an inspiration. He took the camera up on to the flying trapeze, showed you the audience swaying and whirling as it must have swayed and whirled before the eyes of a man drunk with grief and passion. The effect was marvellous—and, in a way, disastrous. For years afterwards English and other directors who had sense enough to know that *Vaudeville* was a remarkable picture, but not sense enough to know why, went on putting the camera under tables and on the chandelier and up the chimney, in the belief that in this way they would achieve the effects of E. A. Dupont and Erich Pommer. A curious illusion, which still, in places, lingers on.

"THE ROAD TO GLORY" is in every way more workmanlike, as American war films generally are even when their sentimentality is most appalling. It lacks the underlying philosophy of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and the pictorial beauty of *The Doomed Battalion*, shot amongst the snowy solitudes of the Austro-Italian frontier. But certain qualities it has in full measure—realism, suspense, a compact, well-contrived plot, working up to a nice, clean-cut, gory climax, sound and amusing characterisation, and excellent, one might say distinguished, acting.

The scene is the French front—time: 1916. Warner Baxter is a captain who lives on aspirin and cognac, drives his men like the devil, and is respected by them because he never asks them to do anything that he isn't ready to do himself. Valour is his passion—but only if it makes for efficiency. When a new lieutenant (Fredric March) risks his life in an attempt to bring in a wounded man who has been screaming for thirty-six hours on the barbed wire, the captain tells him he is a fool. Taking out his pistol, he fires three times; and the voice that has been driving them all crazy is silenced.

Given such a character, and a lovely nurse (June Lang), with whom he and the lieutenant are both in love, one might expect some pretty desperate work. But the arrival of the captain's old father, who has managed to enlist by lying about his age, gives the story a new twist, and in the end the awkward triangle problem is given a spectacular solution.

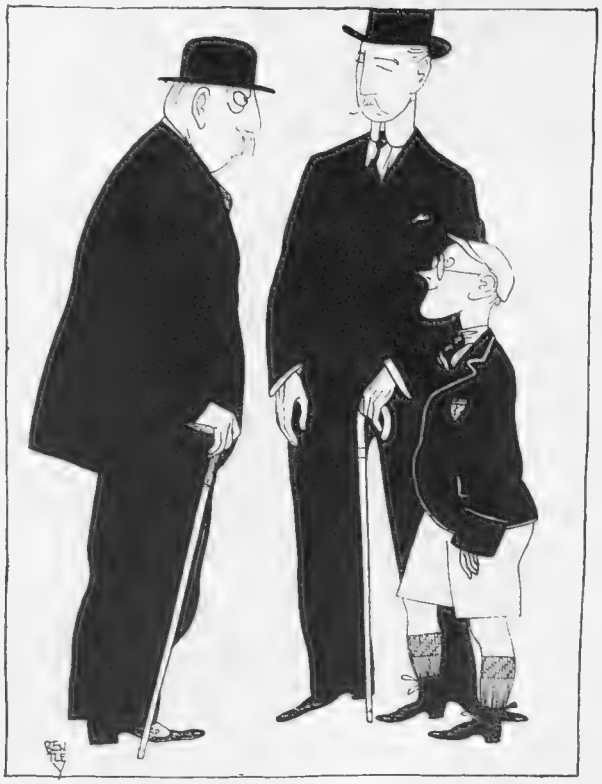
Warner Baxter is always first-rate as a man of action with a touch of hysteria in his composition, Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore are at the top of their form; Gregory Ratoff almost steals the picture by his brilliant character-study of a sergeant, and the new girl star, June Lang (new in the sense that she used to be called June Vlasek, and was only a minor player, anyhow), is something of a sensation—beautiful of face, graceful of figure, and an uncommonly good actress into the bargain. If she keeps her head and has the luck to be well served in the matter of stories, nothing can stop her from going right to the top of her profession.

"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937" is one of those mixtures of third-rate sentiment, second-rate crooning, and first-rate farce that Hollywood serves up so adroitly. It is a plum-pudding of a picture: you stick in your thumb and pull out whatever plum happens to suit your taste. Do you like symphony music? Then here is Leopold Stokowsky. A tender romance broadcast over the air and on every front page? Then look at the pretty newcomer, Shirley Ross, torn between a crooner and a press-agent. Comedy? Then I need only mention George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, the cowboy radio star, and Jack Benny, unsurpassed in the art of putting over a good line. There are doldrums in this picture, but there are also times when the theatre is swept by gales of laughter as spontaneous as anything I ever heard, Gracie Allen has never been crazier, and if you like his slow, drawling delivery (I do). Bob Burns alone is worth the money. Not high lights, perhaps, but jolly entertainment that nearly everybody will enjoy.

"The Road to Glory": Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore

June Lang and Fredric March

Place, the French front; time, 1916; people, a tough captain (Warner Baxter) with a passion for his company's honour and for a pretty nurse (June Lang); a newly-joined subaltern (Fredric March) with a passion for music and the pretty nurse; tough captain's tougher father (Lionel Barrymore); sardonic sergeant (Gregory Ratoff); realistic war scenes, good comedy touches, skilful production by Darryl Zanuck—these are the ingredients of "The Road to Glory," which went to the Empire ten days ago



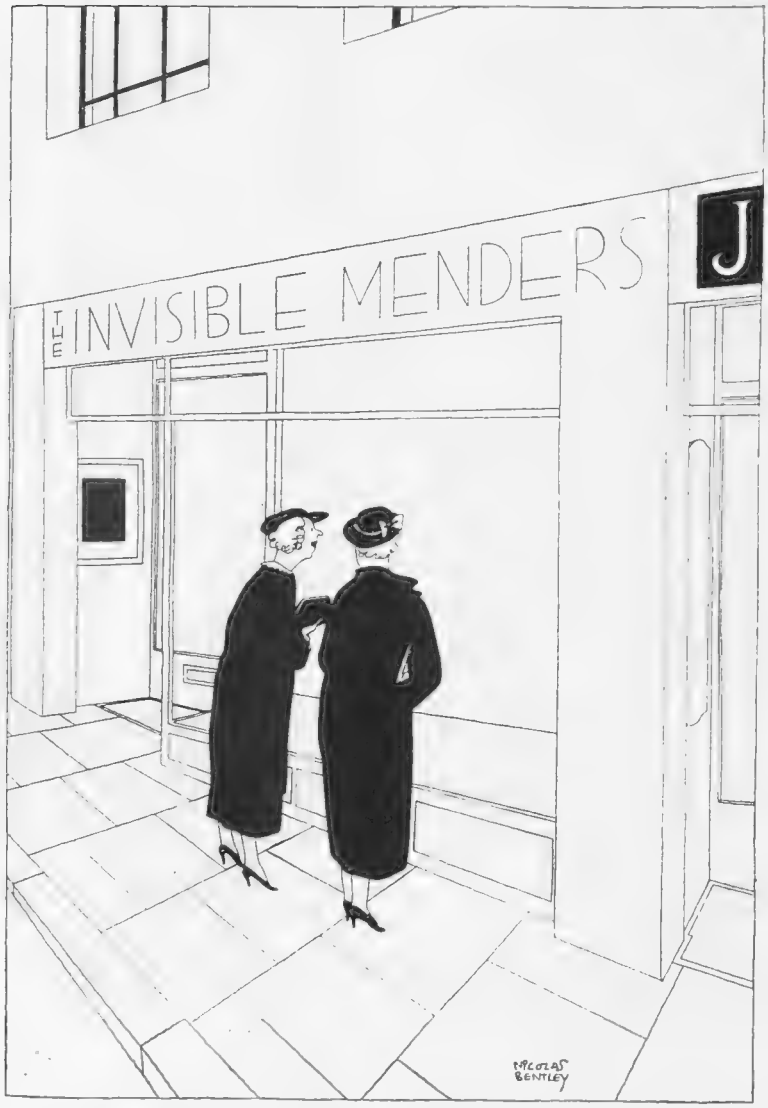
"I want to introduce my son"
"What on earth for?"

"Excuse me, I think we have each other's hats"

"Die? I Thought I'd Laugh!"

Four Jokes From Nicolas Bentley's Book

(which is reviewed on page 252)



"And I suppose they're actually hard at work"

"Pianissimo yourself!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

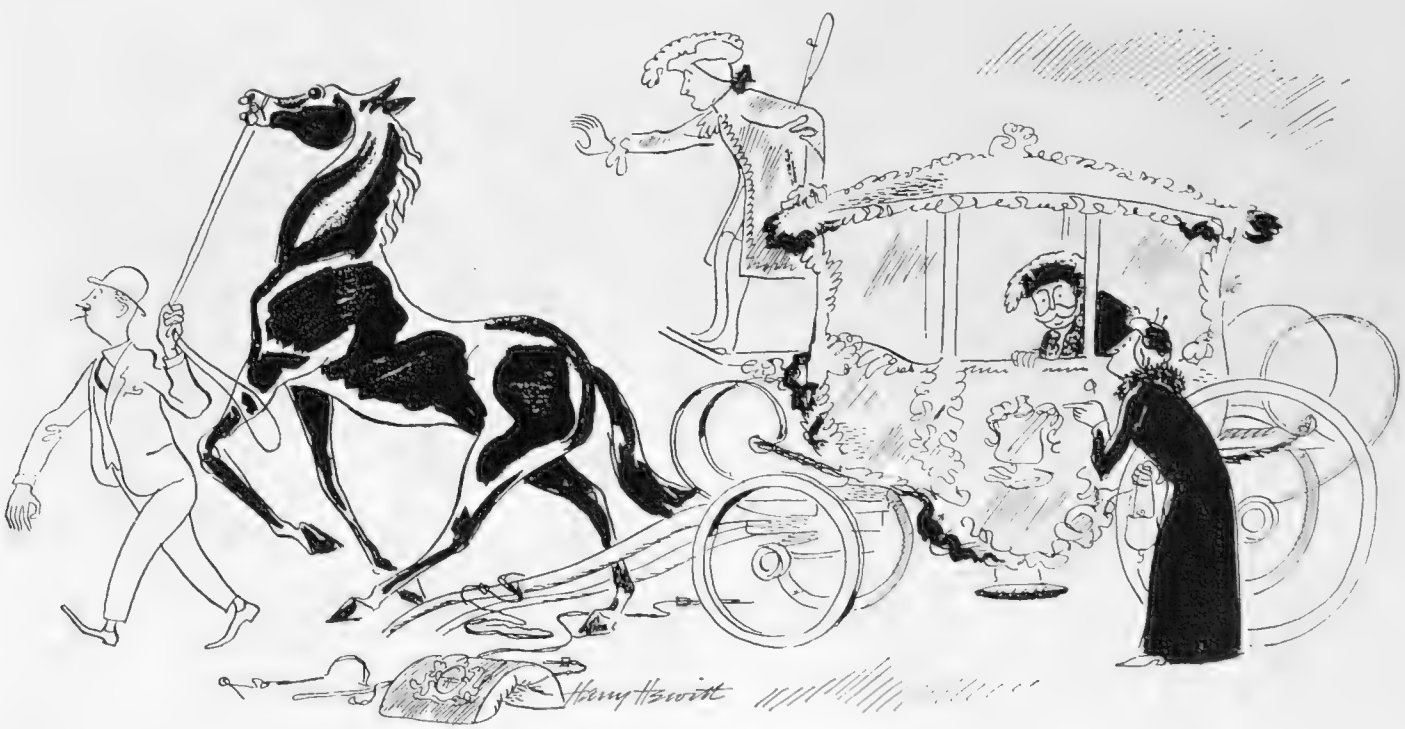
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Most of the cracks have been made by now—the best of them in the *New Yorker*—about the recent golden jubilee of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour. It 's had a dull but interesting history since the French first conceived the idea about 1865 of presenting it to the American Nation in commemoration of their independence, which incidentally was to a great extent brought about by the French fleet, though our history-books ignore this. American big business men were pretty backward in contributing to the cost (£120,000) until Pulitzer opened a Press campaign. Having erected the statue on Bedloe's Island in 1884 with masonic ceremonies and all kinds of solemn fuss, the descendants of the Puritans at once began making cracks about it which still go on. During the Prohibition era, for example, Miss Liberty provided great fun and laughter. The best foreign jape is probably that of the distinguished visitor who, asked to admire it, said, "Yes ; we French also put up monuments to the dead."

Once in New York we heard it carefully debated whether a massive copper female of pseudo-classic build 150 feet high, holding a 15,000-watt torch—which is incidentally hollow and can hold twelve rubbernecks from Muncie, Ind., at once—is the best possible representation of Liberty. By no means, said a philosopher chap from Yale. There should be a vast marble pedestal, suitably inscribed, with nothing whatsoever on top of it, since true Liberty exists nowhere on earth. There 's always some other guy to dictate what you must do, and therefore the figure should be left to the individual imagination, each constructing (in fancy) his own. The philosopher chap was proceeding to elaborate this interesting theory when a wildish blonde threw an Angel's Kiss in his eye and the debate, as a debate, terminated.

Enigma

We may be wrong, but it 's always seemed to us a terrible waste of time for the *Express* to organise those periodical questionnaires revealing the Man in the Street's opinion on some hot social or political topic of the day. (Especially when they reproduce photographs of the silly big face, chosen haphazard, of the Man in the Street in the act of striving to give an intelligent answer, which, as he gets his opinions from Fleet Street, happens but rarely.) You find more sense in the country, however, and Mr. Anthony Cotterell's recent inquisition in the remote village of Great Tey, Essex, was extremely interesting. He put ten questions to eighty-one locals, one of whom chased him down the garden path, like the ghost of an Easter lily chasing Mr. Beverley Nichols. The most surprising replies came in answer to the question : "If there was war between Germany and France and we had to fight for one, which would you support ?" Forty-six of the rurals said "France," twenty-four said "Germany," and eleven were indifferent. Ourselves, we 'd have expected a big majority for Germany. Whenever we 've been present when the topic of the French has cropped up in a village pub. we've almost unanimously been informed by the locals that they 're not nice to know, that their morals are disgusting, their character unstable, and their outlook absurd. We 've heard the same in the Rectory at tea-time and in the Hall after dinner. The Germans, on



"Isn't someone taking your horse?"

the other hand, have always got good marks. "So like us," has been the general verdict. Thus doggedly does the Great Nordic Superman Hugaboo of the Victorian professors still flourish on the clay and oolitic soils of our beloved country. Great Tey, Essex, can't have had much compulsory State education.

Once, walking in remote Normandy in apple-blossom time with two friends, we stopped to drink in a village wineshop with the locals. They were mildly Anglophil, except the tax-gatherer, who strongly disliked the Goddams for sacking his home-town, Gisors, in the reign of Edward III. However, we ate and drank and sang together till late, and the landlord made a little speech praising us. Then the locals went home, with gruff but kindly good-nights, and we got the bill for the lot.

Eureka Dept.

THE best crack of the last few weeks is Auntie *Times's*—a little news-story about Professor Yoshimasa Yagi of Tokyo, who has at last discovered a use for jazz. The Professor has been playing "hot" jazz music on gramophone records to the Kyochu Maggot, a silkworm parasite which is devastating the Japanese silk industry. On hearing the music, apparently, the maggot dives "deep into the body of the silkworm, where it dies of asphyxiation in less than half an hour." Attention of Jack Hylton, Henry Hall, Harry Roy, *et al*—and how annoying for those imperial boys!

The implications of jazz music—especially the "hot" and "swing" varieties—redolent of Voodoo and the steamy mangrove swamps—have never fully claimed the attention of the saner psychiatrists. Its aphrodisiac effect on half-wits is notorious. It acts as a kind of infuriating drug on certain of the sub-human species, who crave for it in increasing doses, whereas the sensible Kyochu Maggot simply runs from it and dies. One of the most interesting half-hours we ever spent was watching a London audience during a performance by a raving American negro band headed by a Mr. Cab Calloway. They were worked up by the hellish racket to actual dementia. The boiled eyes of respectable middle-class British taxpayers glittered with the kind of sinister glitter we 've seen before, in the eyes of a Black Magic specialist who used to be pretty prominent but is now declining. When Mr. Calloway and his band had finished torturing civilised ears this British audience went crazy for five whole minutes. We 're not exaggerating. Compared with such the Kyochu Maggot is a rational creature deserving of praise and sympathy, and Professor Yagi has done civilisation a service by revealing its reaction.

Fat Man

THE Lord Chief Justice's tribute to the poet Horace at the Horatian Society's last jamboree was just, graceful, and free from the priggishness of the dons. If the little fat poet isn't already surfeited in the Underworld with the fifty million treatises, books, essays, poems, and pamphlets in praise of his works which have appeared already since his death in B.C.8, he should be gratified. In the preface to the most charming and witty study of Horace of the last few years, Auguste Dupouy calls the roll of the leading Horace commentators. The British representative, Verrall, is labelled and dismissed as *perspicace et vertueux*, which about sums up a whole British school of Horatians. Those boys seem always labouring to prove that Horace was a Low Church Anglican and a member of the Athenæum, and that his amours were quite imaginary. Lord Hewart eschewed such grotesquerie. No wonder the Horatian Society applauded and clashed their winecups till the girls fell off their knees.

We 're told the members of the Horatian are all chaps after Horace's own heart; urbane, gay, cultivated mellow dogs and men of the world, relishing alike a beaker of wine, an epigram, and a kiss snatched from a laughing wench. Boiled shirts are worn, with rose chaplets round the brow, and each member with bony knees has a tiny cushion for his girl to sit on. The girls attending them at banquets are called Tyndaris, Chloris, Chloë, etc., but many members prefer to call them by their actual names, Miss Badger, Miss Tuke, Miss Booboo ("Oh-You-Awful") Tibbetts, "Gertie," "Snooks," "Pongo," etc. It is the President's watchful care to rise at the right moment, when the teasing develops into horseplay, and intone the National Anthem. That 's what we 're told, and judging by the goings-on of the Omar Khayyám Club it 's probably true.

Nice, Huh?

WHEN Mr. George Robey indignantly remarked at a dinner the other night that if you take away the music from the operatic version of *Faust* it 's just one of those smoking-room stories, Mr. Robey revealed only half the truth. Strip Goethe's master-work of its impressive trappings of poetry and pompous (and woolly) German metaphysic, and what is it? A story about what Mr. Robey himself would justly describe as a Dirty Old Man. Goethe's *Faust*, Part I.—we needn't worry about Part II., which nobody has ever been able to make head or tail of—can be analysed

"We 'll soon have to be thinking of getting along to the station"

very simply and set down in Hollywood formulæ thus :

(*a*) Aged guy meets swell baby ;
(*b*) Aged guy makes swell baby ;
(*c*) Aged guy gets his.

It isn't a nice story, as Mr. Robey admits, but it 's a real-life story, as every one of our little Academic readers will admit. Meeting Margaret in the street after gloating over her vision in the witch's mirror, the old gentleman (now rejuvenated) behaves exactly as if he were in the Parks. He offers the girl his arm. She very properly gives him the bird. He turns to his friend Mephistopheles (we translate literally) :

FAUST : By Heaven, a lovely girl ! . . . All my life I shall never forget the redness of her lips, the glow of her cheeks ! . . . Listen, I 've got to have that girl !
MEPH. : Which girl ?
FAUST : The one who passed just now.

Nowadays it generally ends in the police court, with a hot and embarrassed Bench suggesting six months' complete rest and quiet. In mediæval Germany it ended with the old gentleman's being ultimately hoicked away by the Devil. This shows how Progress broadens down (Tennyson) from precedent to precedent. Faugh, anyway.

Quest

WE liked the chaste way the *Evening News* delivered itself of a bit of City news the other night. " Scotland Yard and the City of London police," said the *News*, " are trying to get in touch with the principal of a firm of City stockbrokers which closed its doors on August 5. The firm," etc., etc.

A foreigner would gather that the police are finding it a bit difficult to get hold of somebody to introduce them to the principal, and he 'd probably be right. Every time we go into the City it seems to us the pavements are thronged with gentlemen with biggish feet and downcast faces, trying vainly to get into touch with business men. They hang about miserably for hours and go back to Scotland Yard to get a telling-off from their superiors. Thus, no doubt :

" Well, Boots, did you get in touch with Mr. Floater ? "
" No, sir. I saw him in Throgmorton Street but he just stared and brushed past me."
" That 's bad, Boots."
" Well, sir, as a matter of fact a gentleman in Capel Court promised to introduce me, but he just sloped off, sir."
" Hadn't you any other introductions ? "
" Yes, sir, but——"
" What about that letter from Lord Boodle ? "
" Well, sir, I sent it up to Mr. Floater but his clerk said he wouldn't have no more truck with the newspapers, because they 'd let him down, sir."
" Boots ! "
" Yes, sir ? "
" *Get your evening clothes ready.*"

So the unhappy Boots has to trail round the smart nightclubs for weeks, talking to little actresses and trying to get hold of somebody who can get hold of somebody who knows somebody who can put him in touch with a chap called " Squibs " who knows a girl called " Wiffles " (or " Boofles ") who had supper with Mr. Floater last Tuesday week, or it might have been Friday fortnight. What a life, if that !

The Footpath Way

EXCEPT for Mr. Hickey in the *Express*, the newspaper boys played for safety over the publication the other day of A. E. (" Shropshire Lad ") Housman's posthumous poems. Hickey bluntly described Housman a " crusty, vinous old don " who composed " tearful verse," which is rough but accurate. The other boys produced the conventional incense and laurels and admired everything tremendously, quite tremendously (just as if the message of Housman's careful, bitter little defeatist verse was not about the most ignoble a grown man could formulate ! " One cannot conceive the product," as Mr. Belloc wrote of Joseph Duggleton, the Infant Whig, " save under shelter, and in the midst of an universal corruption."). However, one mustn't hastily blame the critic, boys, if, like Max Beerbohm's Mr. Ledgett, they deeply revere established names, being at the same time wildly susceptible to almost anybody's " latest." That, after all, is what gets the publishers' ads.

Wailpiece

IT isn't often, God knows, we come across a simply stinking bit of information like this :

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has started an Old Studio Tie movement. He thinks it helps the team-spirit. The tie designed for his Criterion Studio staff (actors, carpenters, and others) is of Oxford blue, with a red and yellow stripe.

This is what happens to chaps who think they can come over here and go British—just like that. A chap we met in the country last week-end — a frightfully decent bloke, Service people—was almost physically sick on reading this, and why ? Because this Old Criterion tie *almost exactly resembles the tie of a simply terrible little Public School which we jolly well wouldn't lower ourselves to mention here by name.* We can't *tell* you how terrible a little school. Full of the most awful cads. Packed with the kind of outsider even Nicolas Bentley or Fenwick couldn't draw without feeling absolutely rotten. What we mean is, why the devil didn't somebody take this Mr. Fairbanks, Jr. chap aside and tell him like a sportsman what he was doing ? **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" He says would you roll his dinner into one big rissole—he 's in a hurry "

Left: Russian topdogs—Ivan (Emil Fjellstrom) and his master, the sadistic governor Borodoff (John Ekman)

Below: Scandinavian and Russian clash—Aino (Gull-maj Norin) fights to save herself from Borodoff

A Northern Epic

"Fredlös", at the Academy, is the First Film from Finland

Fredlōs, which means outlawed, is described as a Finnish film but, although it is set in Finland and deals with Finnish history, the actors are mostly Swedish, and the film company responsible (Nordisk) is Danish. It is the story of Juhani, the patriot Finn who finally rouses his people to throw off Russian yoke, and of Aino, his Lapp sweetheart who shares his early exile. Sten Lindgren and Gull-maj Norin play the leads—she is a Lapp, a race with Mongolian origins, as you can see from her face (the eyebrows are her own). John Ekman, hailed as the Scandinavian Laughton, plays the brutal Russian governor. The ice and snow exteriors are magnificent, and Sibelius's "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste" have been incorporated in the sound-track. *Fredlōs* had its permiere in aid of the London Jewish Hospital at the Academy last Monday

Scandinavian underdogs: Juhani (Sten Lindgren) marries Aino

"Bystander" Short Story No. 63

Modern Antique

By Milward Kennedy

ONE day, a week before the end of our holiday, I was alone; that happens quite easily when one is on holiday. My wife and the children had gone off in the car to inspect a battleship, and I had cried off on the ground that I had to write. I was so anxious to avoid the fatigue of climbing up the insides of masts and trying to ask intelligent questions about paravanes and donkey-engines that I did not blench when my wife told me that she had promised the servants the day off. After all, a lunch of beer and cold pie and fruit is the kind of meal which any man can get ready for himself.

And so as soon as they had all departed and I had the bungalow to myself I decided that I would postpone work until I had had a stroll. Up the village I went (preferring that to the sandy shore), and in I went to an antique shop against the window of which we had once or twice flattened our noses on our way to buy the day's provisions: it being the local custom to collect one's own food from the shops—a custom created by the inability of the shops, during the August rush, to deliver your lunch before about 10.30 p.m.

It was a surprising shop to find in such a place; for though one window was full of the trumpery junk (Chinese bowls and brass ash-trays and pen-holders in the form of penguins) that would serve nicely as souvenirs of a summer holiday and ultimately fail to sell at a rummage sale, the other had the sort of stuff that would draw a collector. Bristol glass, blue and white and magenta and amethyst and the rare green, and some pieces of Waterford, and superb pewter dishes; and beyond this one could see lovely, unfashionable mahogany. There was, for instance, a big bureau; its front was open, and its cunning interior was obviously full of secret drawers. But what had caught my wife's eye and mine was a little oak chest which was exactly what we wanted to go in the big, open-down fireplace at home.

No harm to ask its price. Well, it was cheap, but—no; it would be an extravagance unjustifiable when there was the rent of the bungalow, and . . . I switched to a fire-bucket, and that was dear and I did not want it. And just as I was wondering whether I must retreat with ignominy, I noticed a big glass ball: green, with white serpentine lines in it, like a vast specimen of the marbles with which I and my sisters played solitaire in my youth.

The old lady who kept the shop was rather scornful: the thing was not authentic—she doubted, even, whether it was solid, it was so light; and it was mine for seven shillings. Such was her scorn that I swore to myself that I 'd go straight back and write a short story and devote the proceeds to the purchase of the chest. I almost said as much to the old lady; I felt, somehow, that I should regain my prestige if I told her that I was an author.

I CARRIED the glass ball back to the bungalow, wondering why on earth I had wasted seven shillings, and wondering also whether it was wise to embark on a short story when I was already behindhand with a novel, and making very slow progress with it.

I went into the bungalow, put the globe on the table, collected my materials and set to work, but with no success. My mind was a blank. I stared at the glass ball and cursed myself for having gone to that shop; to write to order seemed utterly impossible—to write for an oak chest.

Suddenly I felt—I knew—that I was not alone in the bungalow. I had not heard anyone knock or ring, and as far as I knew there was nothing for tradesmen to deliver—no laundry due back; and in any case, a tradesman would not walk in. And I was sure that there was someone inside the bungalow.

I told myself that it was absurd. Thieves don't break into holiday seaside bungalows; there was certainly nothing to steal in ours. I felt that it was ridiculous even to look. In fact, I would not look . . .

But it was no use. I could not write. I felt more and more aware that there was someone else in the place. Once even I thought I saw something—some movement—reflected obscurely in the glass ball in front of me. Probably, I told myself, a curtain behind me swaying in the light breeze.

Well, I got up and made a tour. I even looked in the cupboards and had half a mind—no, I 'll confess: I did look under the beds.

(*Concluded on page 240*)

Sketch by Eric Fraser

Modern Antique

(Continued from page 239)

Of course, there was no one. I knew there would not be I told myself. And just as I was going back to the sitting-room I stopped short. The sense of a presence was strongest in the hall. Really, it was absurd; it was as though the bungalow was haunted; and I could think of nothing more improbable than that such a modern bungalow (it was as new as it was flimsy) could be haunted or that I of all people could see or feel a ghost. Besides, it was a glorious day of bright sunshine, and the hour was about noon.

THE hall was little more than a long, narrow passage; I had hardly noticed it before. I had certainly *not* noticed that there was a little oak chest in it. I was so surprised that I forgot all about my imaginary ghost. I stared at the chest, and for a second I believed that it was the very one I had seen in the antique shop: the one to buy for which I ought at that moment be writing a short story. It was nothing of the sort, I need hardly say; it was a reproduction, quite modern, an obvious fake. Yet not so obvious. I went and looked at it more closely and decided that someone had made quite a good job of it. Still, no one, even as inexpert as I, could be deceived at close quarters.

I wondered whether it was locked. I put my hand on the lid—and instantly I was the victim of an overwhelming emotion which I can hardly describe. It was partly fear—almost panic; I felt that I was on the edge of the most deadly danger; that if I opened the lid something beastly would spring out—no, ooze out—at me. If it touched me—touched even my little finger . . . All the same, I felt a most disgusting excitement, a desire to see what was inside, to seize it in my hands and squeeze and squeeze it . . .

Half of me prayed that the chest was locked; the other half compelled me to try. And try I did.

Locked. Try harder.

The lid flew up.

INSIDE the chest, crammed in (and how it had been possible to cram it in I could not imagine) was a naked body. A young woman. Her head was forced down, so that I could not see her face. Somehow I lifted it up. It was the girl who lived in the next bungalow. Young and pretty, I had admired her, and her generously displayed figure; and I had wondered how she had come to marry the sullen, stout, dark, evil-looking man who lived there with her. They had no maids, by the way, and few visitors. A young man had driven up once in a car, but the husband had appeared and the young man had driven on, and I noticed afterwards that the girl's eyes were red.

But I did not think of those details when I had opened the lid and raised her head. I did not even wonder how she—it—could have got into my bungalow, into the chest in my hall; perhaps if I had I should have cursed myself again for my walk up to the village. But I thought of nothing—nothing. For the frightful thing was that when I lifted the head, it—well, I lifted it. I mean, it was not joined to the body. It had been cut off. Hacked off. And there was a sticky—my hand . . .

AND at that precise moment the front-door bell rang. You know the sort of bell. You press a button in the door and it rings on the other side. Very startling when you ring it; but on that occasion far more startling to me, who had not rung it.

Even now I hardly know what I ought to have done. The chest, remember, was in full view from the front door: it was a little low chest . . .

I doubt whether anyone could have left the chest open, held that grisly, pretty head in his hand, gone to the door, and said: "Look what I've just found." What could I do but what I did—jam the poor head back against the poor white, red-smeared body, shut the lid, and walk—no, stagger—to the door?

At the door stood an ordinary man, in shirt sleeves, wearing a peaked cap with some name or other on it, and a brown apron. He said something—I hardly heard him; he repeated it, aggressively, and still I could not make head or tail of what he was saying. He more or less pushed past me into the hall, and stood—his leg was touching that chest.

"For God's sake" I said, wildly I expect, "come in here!" and led the way into the sitting-room. It was easier in there; and yet I felt that someone was laughing evilly and silently at me.

"Now, tell me, *what* d'you want?" I asked the van man.

What he said almost restored me to my normal self; no, not quite that, I hope—it made me extremely angry.

"But—but look here. It's fantastic! I'm the tenant. I've taken this place furnished for a month. I can't help it if the owner hasn't paid for the furniture. I don't even know whether he has or hasn't paid for it. All I know is that you can't remove the furniture—any of it——"

The man said that he was sorry; he also said something or other about what the law was.

I PROTESTED, with growing vigour. He repeated that he was sorry, but that he would have to take certain pieces. We should be all right, he said; the beds would stay and . . .

I became almost speechless with indignation.

"Come on, Bill," said the man over his shoulder, and I realised that a companion had followed him into the bungalow.

He backed out into the hall, and I thought that I had won. But I hadn't—I had lost.

"'Ere, Bill."

My God, they were going to take the chest! And they were going to try to lift it by the lid!

I shouted something—I don't know what. I suppose that my manner was nearly lunatic. The two men stared at me; in the eyes of Bill's companion there was a queer look—he was staring at my left hand. I stared at it, too—it was red, sticky . . .

The man's mouth opened as if he was shouting. He pointed at my hand. And at the same second Bill jerked up the lid . . .

I can't think how I had come to pick up the green glass ball from the table in the sitting-room. I am sure I did not know that I was holding it, or what it was that I threw . . .

Crash! Splinters of glass . . .

AND there I was, sprawled in the chair in the sitting-room, and the unauthentic glass ball on which I had just squandered seven shillings was in fragments on the floor. And there was no one in the hall, and the chest there was nothing like the one which I had seen in the antique shop.

There was just one odd thing. When I picked and swept up the bits of green glass I found that the carpet—an Indian rug, mainly cream in colour—was stained: a little pool of thick black stuff that smelt abominably. How it got there, even if the ball was hollow, I can't think.

Well, my seven bob was wasted, but I suddenly found that I could write, and here's the story—and the authentic oak chest from the antique shop is over there by the fire. I bought it just before we came home, a week ago.

The really queer thing, though, is about the people next door. In the course of that afternoon which I spent all alone, the stout, dark, unpleasant man loaded up his car with luggage and belongings and drove off—by himself. He left the bungalow all shut up, and during the rest of our stay we never saw him again, or the girl. I like to think that she drove off first with the young man, but—well, I can't help wondering whether in the hall of the bungalow next door there's an imitation antique chest and whether one day a furniture van will drive up and . . . But you can read the newspapers just as easily as I can; keep your eyes open.

THE END.

By a printer's error, the photographs of Miss Lesley Watson and Miss Pansy Bonham-Carter, on page 208 of last week's issue, were transposed. We much regret this mistake.

Next Week— Nov. 18

"Bystander" Winter Sports Number

Where To Go—Clothes and Equipment

"Dangerous Ski-ing"; by Peter Lunn

"The Alps from the Air"

Special Photographs, etc., etc.

In subsequent issues the "Bystander" will fully cover the Winter Sports Season with news, reports, results and pictures from the various centres

Howard Coster, London

Tyrone Guthrie: Producer at the Old Vic

Tyrone Guthrie, producer as old as this century, says picnics are his recreation; he seems to hold his cup in a picnic manner even indoors. When he's rehearsing, that is to say, nearly always, Mrs. Guthrie arrives at the theatre at lunch-time with thermos flasks and hampers of sandwiches and he breaks from his major passion to his minor one. His first connection with the professional stage was in 1924, when he had got his B.A. from Oxford (where he went from Wellington), and exchanged St. John's College for the local Playhouse. Then he joined the B.B.C. at Glasgow, subsequently became their Scottish National producer, returned to the theatre in '29 and produced, first for the Festival, Cambridge, then for the Westminster, then for the Vic-Wells company, handling, during this time, mostly classical or semi-classical pieces—Shakespeare, Chekhov, Wilde, Pirandello. Guthrie had already produced a West End success in *Dangerous Corner* (1932); in '34 came *Sweet Aloes* and *Mary Read*, last year, *Short Story*, and now he is back at the Old Vic; has staged *Love's Labour's Lost*, the house-packing *Country Wife*, and will produce Laurence Olivier there in the New Year. He's not handling *As You Like It* as he is lecturing in the Midlands at present

Family Album

Lady Warwick in Sussex

Lady Warwick and Her Son

Lady Warwick and her son were photographed at Littledene in Sussex, which belongs to her mother and his grandmother, Lady Rosabelle Brand. Lady Warwick has definitely decided to stay in England during Lord Warwick's half-year "probation" in Hollywood, and means to lead a quiet sort of life in the country with the nice sturdy little boy of two-and-a-half who is their son and heir. At Littledene he has his aunt as well as his mother to play with—fourteen-year-old Patience Brand, Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter by her second husband, the late Lt.-Col. J. C. Brand. Lord Warwick is on a six-months' contract to M.G.M., who have an option on him after that; he has taken Michael Brooke as his screen name

Photographs by Swaebe

The small Lord Brooke and Miss Patience Brand, Lady Warwick's half-sister, explain the intricacies of a bicycle lamp to each other

With Her New Car

Hay Wrightson

Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux

At the end of October Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux announced her engagement to Mr. Philip Kindersley. She is the younger of the two lovely French sisters, daughters of Major the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. French and nieces of the Earl of Ypres; she married Lord Brougham and Vaux in 1931 when she was twenty-two, divorced him in 1934, and has a son, Julian, who is just two years old. Philip Kindersley is the youngest son of Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley; his first wife was Oonagh Guinness, now Lady Oranmore and Browne, and he also has a small family—Gay, a six-year-old son, and Tessa, a four-year-old daughter

An English Tank That Saw Service with Both

Eighteen Years After

A Battlefield in France: Pictures by Norma

Sides

Parkinson

In Vast Cemeteries Round Verdun Lie over a Million French and German Dead

No Man's Land near La Pompelle

Here and there, scattered about the woods and fields of north-eastern France, are small isolated areas that still bear vivid witness to the hideous madness of the War. Earlier in the year Norman Parkinson visited one of these desolate places—at La Pompelle where the front line surged backwards and forwards until every natural thing was destroyed. Even now the trench-scars have not healed, nor the débris of wire, old rifles, unexploded munitions been cleared away. The tank was an English one that the Germans captured and used against the French; it lies by the roadside where it was put out of action. The engine is still there, but tourists have removed the guns bit by bit, as souvenirs, and used its helpless bulk as a visitors' book. Only in the ordered stillness of the cemetery is peace and dignity to be found as a legacy from eighteen years ago. . . . As an Armistice Day comment in this year of hectic re-arming these pictures have a more bitter admonitory significance than it is comfortable to realise

The Hunt is On

All Souls' Day Started the Season

The South Dorset Met at Stinsford

Stinsford House is the home of Mr. A. H. Higginson (right), joint-Master of the Cattistock, but it's in the South Dorset country; he not only let them have their opening meet there but also walks a puppy for them. With him is Capt. C. M. Wellesley-Wesley, joint-Master, with his wife, of the South Dorset

Capt. and Miss Joan Worrall

Capt. R. D. Worrall is hon. secretary and treasurer of the Tiverton, which opened its season on the last day of October by killing three foxes. Joan Worrall went with her father to the meet, at Knightshayes Court, Sir John Heathcoat-Amory's home (he is Master)

Mr. Singer and Sir G. Cooper

Mr. Grant Singer is the new Master of the Hursley; he takes over from Sir Gordon Ley, who has held the reins since 1932. The opening meet was at Sir George Cooper's Hampshire home, Hursley Park, Winchester

Lord Cobham Entertained the Albrighton Woodland

The Hon. Charles Lyttelton didn't ride to the opening meet of the Albrighton Woodland, but his youngest sister Lavinia did. They are children of the Master, Lord Cobham, in whose grounds the meet was held

Hostess to the Oakley

New Joint-

Left: Lady Melchett had to wear mac and apron when the Oakley met in rain at Colworth House, Lord Melchett's home. He is the second baron and joint-Master of the hunt

Below: the Hon. John and the Hon. Nicolas Gage, four and two respectively, are Lord and Lady Gage's children; they came out to watch their parents ride off with the Southdown after the hunt met at Lord Gage's home, Firle House, Lewes

Right: Mrs. Hartman was taking a film of the hounds before the Southdown moved off to their first draw of the season; she is the wife of one of the joint-Masters, Captain F. W. Hartman

Lord and Lady Gage, Nicolas and John

Hounds as Film Stars

Masters Take Over

Col. the Hon. H. E. Joicey and Mr. A. D. Hall-Watt take over the Mastership of the North Northumberland, which met at Cornhill, the home of Captain and Mrs. J. C. Collingwood. Col. Joicey was sole Master of this hunt from 1920-7

Garth Officials at Twyford

The Quorn Met at Kirby Gate—

Left: Col. F. G. Barker, president and ex-Master (1928-31), his daughter, Miss Effie Barker, one of the joint-Masters, and Lieut. D. C. Curme were photographed at Stanlake Park, Twyford, where the Garth met

—As it always does at the season's beginning. And Mrs. Astill was hostess, as she always is (has been for fifty-one years); with her are Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbertsy (wife of the hon. secretary), Capt. Sir Harold Nutting (Master) and Lady Nutting

Baron

Another Distinguished Part for Conrad Veidt

Conrad Veidt always looks distinguished on or off the screen; the part he has just completed at Denham (his first there) suits him down to the ground: he is Baron Karl Marvitz in London Films' *Dark Journey*, ostensibly a cashiered German officer in Stockholm, really head of a spy service. As such he can hardly fail to fall in love with the feminine head of the French spy service, especially as she is played by Vivien Leigh. Joan Gardner, who was Miss ("Cleopatra") Price in *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*, acts a Brazilian dancer who aids the Baron. Victor Saville directs this film, which is reminiscent of Hitchcock's *Secret Agent*

Guinness Time *in* Dickens' Time

It is interesting to note that there are actual references to Guinness by name in Dickens, one in "Sketches by Boz," where Mrs. Bloss arrives at the famous Boarding House with an umbrella, a pair of clogs, a bandbox, an easy chair, and "a large hamper of Guinness's Stout." Another is in Pickwick, where Phiz, the artist, has shown a Guinness placard in the room where Sam Weller is writing his Valentine.

And the association of Dickens and Guinness is a very natural one. Both are unique, both recall the bright and happy side of life, which is so especially epitomised in the jolly and honest Mr. Pickwick.

Dickens is good for you; Guinness is good for you—isn't it nearly Guinness Time?

After "Phiz."

G.E.560.A

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Unpleasant and Pleasant Topics

IT is not often that I welcome county football in the early stages of the championship, but outside London it has a solidity beyond the compass of the Metropolitan area. I suggest, then, that we reflect upon the match in which Warwickshire recently swamped Leicestershire.

It was a match with a moral, for the Coventry forwards, playing for Warwickshire, revived in us a hope that scrummaging is not a lost science. These Warwickshire forwards, with the giant Clarke among them, and such stalwarts as the Wheatleys and A. H. G. Purchas and A. Seaton, these forwards not only shoved and controlled the scrummage, but wheeled and brought off combined foot rushes, and dominated the game entirely. They even scored from a properly carried-out wheel, and all the old-timers on the touch-line nudged one another and said: "That reminds me, old boy . . ."

You may think I am exaggerating the importance of this affair, but I go so far as to suggest that this Warwickshire triumph is one of the most significant and salutary incidents of the football season. I wonder—here is a wild proposal with more than a dash of sanity in it—how it would do to pick the Coventry pack en masse for an England trial match?

IT is time we stopped thinking of individual forwards, and concentrated instead on the scrummaging unit. Coventry, I do not doubt, have the finest scrummaging pack in the country. It should be upheld as an example to the younger generation. And I am prepared to wager that it would render a very good account of itself against any modern international pack.

I am provoked into these reflections by the memory of a game I saw at Manchester the other day. The Manchester club, with a long tradition of fine service to the cause of Rugby football behind it, were playing the London Scottish. And the scrummaging, by both sides, was lamentable. Manchester heeled, it is true, but how slowly and clumsily! And the Scottish leant languidly and did not begin to scrummage at all.

PERHAPS there is an insidious influence in London which causes these Scottish forwards to forget their proud traditions. Possibly at Murrayfield they would play very differently. And yet I doubt it. Laziness was not the trouble. I would put it down simply to ignorance; and if that is a harsh word, I am not inclined to retract. Ignorance of the forward's responsibilities in strategy, ignorance of his function in the mechanism of the game. If these forwards really understood what their duty was, I am sure they would begin to learn to scrummage. They are willing enough in the open—this is a generalisation about the modern forward—but they have apparently come to regard the tight scrum merely as a welcome breather, and a base for marauding attack.

BUT there, I must not dwell upon even so vitally important a subject, or you will tell me you know it all, and are sick to death of the whole business. The trouble is that if you do know it all, I think you are an exception, and I am constantly brought up standing by scrummaging so spineless that it must betoken a fundamental misapprehension of Rugby football essentials.

SO to more pleasant topics. There is, for example, a back-row forward by name of G. Beath, down at Portsmouth, who deserves some close attention. He is not the purely destructive winger, but a thorough-going, tear-away sort of player who generally emerges from the bottom of every loose maul, and then proceeds to tackle a wing three-quarter. Next a welcome to B. C. Gadney, who turned out for Leicester last week for the first time this year, and reminded us what a grand player he can be. There is a deal to be said for the big scrum-half like Gadney, though ten years ago the little, nippy man was the standard model. Gadney does whip his passes out, and when he chooses to run he takes a mighty lot of stopping.

There is another player in the Leicester team who is well worth watching—Graham Meikle, in the centre. Meikle is one of those thin, dancing runners, uncommonly fast and awkward to hold, and he may come into the selectors' reckoning this year.

Rees Jones Kicks for Touch

London Welsh beat Bridgend by six points to three when they met them at Herne Hill. C. Matthews, the Bridgend captain, is bringing down Rees Jones

Gloucester Beat Richmond, 9 Points to 3

Richmond were nine down (two penalty goals, one try) when a quick mid-field pass from the loose to E. D. E. Reed (right) sent him racing across the Gloucester line for Richmond's only score; the Metropolitan team was handicapped by Cranmer's and Johnston's absence from their back line

WHEN Oxford are passing through an awkward phase. M. McG. Cooper, thorough-going captain, is trying his experiments. Apparently there are problems at half-back. A fast scrum-half has to be found—fast in the sense that he shoots the ball away without delay. And what about this stand-off half problem? M. M. Walford has been moved there from the centre, and it may be that he is the right man, for he is a natural footballer of exceptional merit, with speed off the mark and adaptability. Unfortunately, natural gifts are not enough for a stand-off half. Close application to theory is necessary. The problem of straightening the attack comes in, the need for passing accurately and with proper timing while swinging away from a centre. This art of passing is more difficult than it appears to be superficially, and it may be that Walford has not mastered it yet.

BUT Oxford have Obolensky on the wing, and Obolensky must not be wasted. The ball must reach him swiftly at times, and before he is crowded into touch by mid-field players who run diagonally and pass without straightening the forward thrust. Cooper is lucky to have in C. F. Grieve a general utility man behind the scrummage of remarkable excellence, and it may be that full-back is Grieve's best place. That raises the problem of H. D. Freakes, the South African freshman, who is said to be another Owen-Smith. Cooper has trained Freakes in the centre, and this is an experiment which may prosper, if only Freakes is fast enough.

Cambridge, meanwhile, go from strength to strength, and I hear that Laborde had a film made of their match against the Scottish last Saturday which he now proposes to study with the team looking on at their deeds and misdeeds. Rather embarrassing for individual players, but what an incentive to ceaseless labour! No old-soldier tactics by the forwards with the camera's eye upon them—no shirking the tackle—no hesitance to fall on the ball! Above all, what an indication of Laborde's thoroughness—it will be surprising if Cambridge do not turn out to be a cracking good side by December.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Poet Laureate's Novel: By Alan Thomas

All those who like a good story will enjoy *Eggs and Baker*, by John Masefield (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the tale of a good, well-meaning, radically-minded, muddle-headed and thoroughly Christian baker who, in the 1870's, got himself—and the judge at whom he threw a couple of soft eggs—into a horrid mess. The trouble arose out of a shooting affray, when a pheasant-keeper was killed and two men were arrested and tried on the capital charge. The baker's sympathies were naturally all for the prisoners, particularly as one of them was more or less of a looney. The trial scene, which occupies about a third of the book, really gives you the feeling of being present in court. But thrilling as the trial is, precedence in point of human interest must be given to the character and fortunes of the baker. Egged on by an alien agitator, whose name, appropriately enough, is Adolf Engels, the pious progressive naturally incurred the displeasure of the local gentry. By withdrawing their custom and turning him out of his bakehouse, they gave a semblance of truth to that cynical saying that "Englishmen are free—yes, free to starve." But it was the baker himself who delivered the coup de grâce to his own misfortunes and left his wife and son to open an eating-house. Even then ill-fate overtakes them, and it is only a dea ex machinâ, in the person of a well-to-do aunt, that saves them from the gutter. The weakness of this ending may perhaps be explained in the further two volumes which are to complete the story.

I can't help wishing that Mr. Masefield had used the sub-title, "The Days of Trial," as the main title of his book. *Eggs and Baker* somehow reminds me of the man who went into a restaurant and asked for some kidleys, and when the waitress said, "D'you mean kidneys?", replied, "Well, didl' I say kidleys?"

The ex-Kaiser for many of us symbolised and will for ever symbolise the brutal and vainglorious side of Prussian militarism. Yet, with the passage of years, it should be possible to take a more objective if not a kindlier view. It is not a man's fault that he is born into the purple, and if, as in the ex-Kaiser's case, he be wholly unfitted for his job, the blame that he incurs should at least be shared by the cruel destiny that placed him on an imperial throne. Mr. E. F. Benson, in his fascinating book, *The Kaiser and English Relations* (Longmans; 16*s.*), suggests that William should really have been a country gentleman of ample means. As such he could have done little harm and might even have done some good, for example, by getting up "penny readings in the village" or by reciting "the more famous passages in Shakespeare's plays." Dis aliter visum. The man who might have been a joke in the village was a tragedy in the world.

His principal English relations were his grandmother and his uncle. For the former he felt an unvarying respect and affection. For the latter he entertained a dislike which was cordially reciprocated. "Whenever they met, King Edward had to suppress, not always with complete success, the irritation which his nephew's demeanour aroused in him, while the Emperor was alert in noting all that could be fashioned into causes of complaint." The Emperor, in fact, was "one of those unhappy natures which detect a bribe in every token of friendliness to himself and a design against himself in every friendliness to others." Nor was he invariably a model of tact. But tactlessness ranked low among his failings. "Furies had presided at his pitiful nativity," and the world was to pay a heavy price for their attendance. Mr. Benson's book may not be a work of the first historical importance, but it is one that gives a very clear and human picture of its subject.

Mary Borden Tunbridge

Had a new book, "Action for Slander," published by Heinemann last week. In private life she is Mrs. E. L. Spears, wife of Brig.-General Spears, M.P. for Cumberland

Devotees of Rugger—I stretch the term to include everyone from the fan who dreams about the game at night to the mild sportsman who enjoys watching an occasional match on a Saturday afternoon—will like to know of a book called *The Game Goes On* (Arthur Barker; 15*s.*). It is edited by Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, whose voice is familiar to a host of listeners-in, and its contributors—over thirty of them—are all famous either as players or writers on the game. John Daniell, for example, discusses the cares of a selector; Howard Marshall tells us what Rugger means to him; T. H. Vile, "The Man with the Whistle," discourses on his experiences as a referee. In his own contribution Captain Wakelam explains the technique of the running commentary. Indeed, what isn't said about Rugger in this book can hardly be worth saying. It is the sort of volume you can browse over and return to again and again.

There are some excellent illustrations, the most remarkable being a series of cinematograph pictures showing the whole of the movement which led up to Obolensky's famous try against the All Blacks at Twickenham on January 4th, 1936.

In 1882 a girl of seventeen who wanted to go on the stage was taken by her grandmother to 10, Downing Street, where she received a homily from Mr. Gladstone on the depravity of an actress's life. The Prime Minister's disapproval, however, was unavailing; for the girl's name was Marie Tempest. This is one of the many characteristic anecdotes told by Mr. Hector Bolitho in *Marie Tempest, Her Biography* (Cobden-Sanderson; 18*s.*). It must be difficult to write a book about a living person who doesn't particularly want the book written, who does not keep personal papers or letters, and who will talk about herself only when the spirit moves her. But Mr. Bolitho has succeeded in giving us a vivid and fascinating portrait which will delight Miss Tempest's innumerable admirers.

A certain winner as a Christmas gift is Nicolas Bentley's latest book of pictures entitled *Die? I Thought I'd Laugh!* (Methuen; 5*s.*). It is dedicated "to those amiable everyday nitwits whose puddingness of head is a challenge to the comic draughtsman." All I can say about that is that the proof of the pudding is in the drawing. The wit ranges from the glimpses-of-the-obvious type to that of the "New Yorker" which depends for its effect on incongruity of circumstance and name. As for the drawings themselves, I know of no other comic artist who can get quite the same degree of delicate idiocy into his work as Mr. Bentley.

I.14a.

after
a hectic rush
you're ready
too soon
and
feeling
desperately nervous . . .

this
is just
another
of those moments
when
a cigarette
is such
a
marvellous comfort . . .

and
it is
an even bet
that
"he"
is smoking too—
for
the very same
reason.

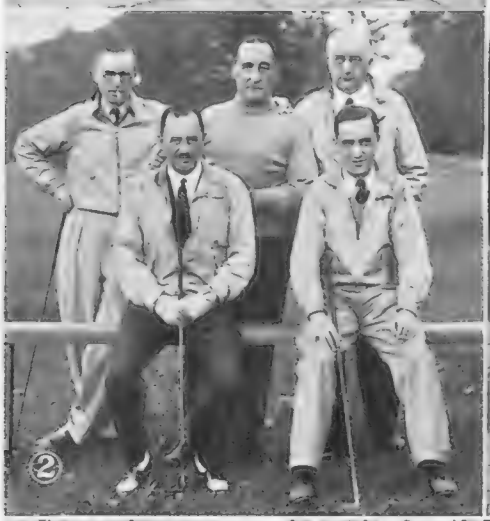
this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

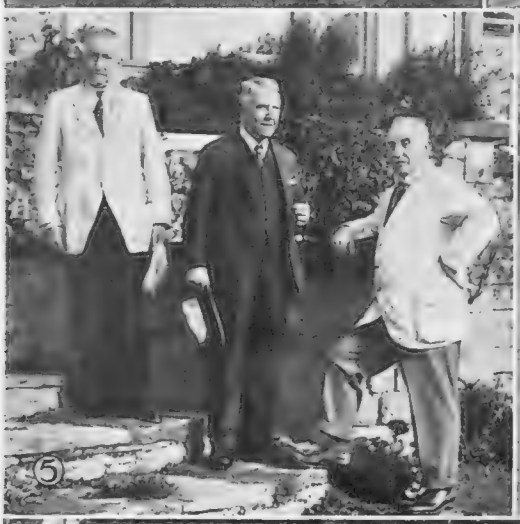
Golf Clubs at Home

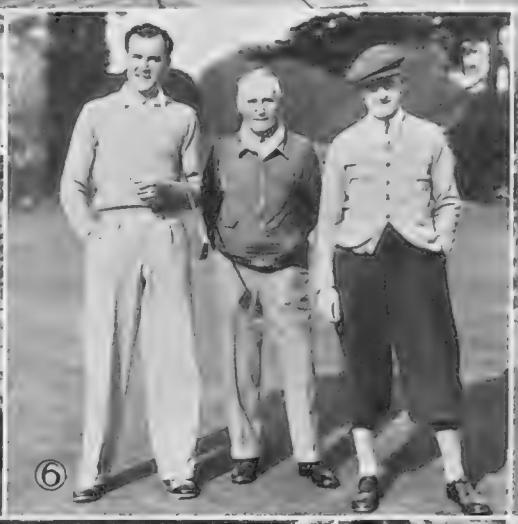
North Middlesex, Friern Barnet

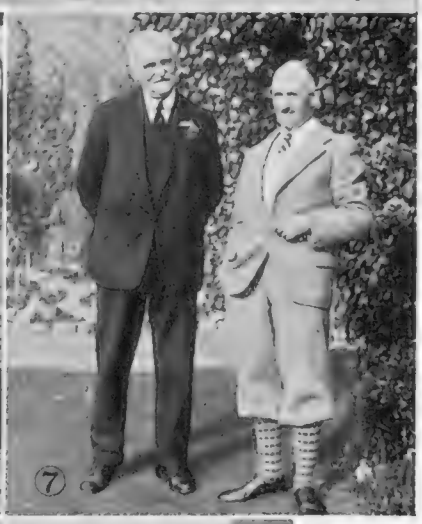
The North Middlesex Golf Club was founded in the early years of this century by a few local enthusiasts. Play then was over six holes only. Later more ground was acquired, eighteen holes laid out, and the club house—originally an eighteenth-century manor house—transformed and brought up to date. One of its finest features is the fireplace in the bar, given by Mr. F. J. Cox (see Picture No. 9)

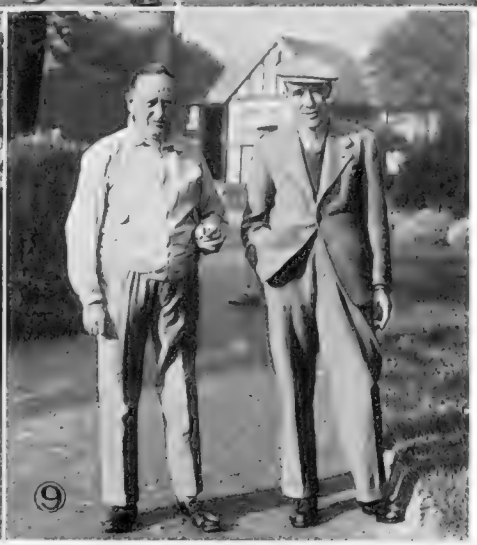
(1) Arthur Lord (president), G. H. Lawrence (vice-president) and A. R. Briggs (hon. treasurer). (2) R. H. Lord, T. W. Sissens, H. Crisp, W. S. Herman (captain) and J. D. Provan. (3) J. W. Bennett (secretary), A. L. Bentley (ex-captain), F. Chambers (chairman of green committee). (4) F. G. Newell and F. S. Griffith (vice-captain). (5) W. Jelks (ex-captain), J. Jones and Peter Vezey. (6) L. P. Harte, W. R. Ponting (ex-captain) and S. J. Fox. (7) Evelyn Barnard and T. H. C. Carlton (ex-captain). (8) C. E. Oldfield, R. S. Wright, H. A. Wyatt and H. Townsend. (9) F. J. Cox and J. Ockenden (professional)











This England . . .

An old-fashioned Cottage, Selworthy, Somerset

"BE it ever so humble . . ." the old song goes. "Home," says the dictionary, ". . . the seat of domestic life and interests." A place, indeed, where the toughest of us may relax in tenderness. This word, peculiar to the English in its shade—and depth—of meaning, is typical of much in the rich-woven tapestry of English character. "A glass of beer" means more in England than elsewhere. For centuries we have known beer in our homes (once upon a time we brewed it at home), and when it comes to such a beer as Worthington we have one that seems the very essence of this England, from the rich soil that begot it to the ripe health and mellow judgment it confers.

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Women's Golf

Stars in Their Courses

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

NOT "curiouser and curiouser," but longer and longer grows the autumn procession of really interesting events. Time was, not so very long ago, when by the beginning of November I had to sit down, hold my head, and welcome any controversial statement of anybody else's, any election even of an obscure official, as a peg on which to hang the week's letter. Not a bit of all that now. Here I am with so many events of live interest of which to write, that one page will barely hold them.

No space to do more than record the mere fact that Miss Mervyn and Miss Pam Barton have sailed for India with their uncle (so by the way has Miss Minoprio), and that Miss Lulu Esmond has quite recovered from her motor smash and is on the point of being married in Paris; and that Miss Diana Plumpton's wedding to Mr. Sabine took place in Nairobi the other day. There have been years when I should have been thankfully trotting-out what all these had done in championship, and even county matches, for the whole of their pasts: not so this time.

OF course things seen are mightier than things heard: *Star* finals must take chief place, but Lancashire have been busy, proving that the back-end of October can be suitable for golf up North, as well as down South.

Miss D. I. Clark always manages, amongst her many activities, to let me have news of the county—I only wish other Northern, Western and Midland folk would do likewise, since I cannot be everywhere at once—and from her come the full results of the Lady Derby Cup tournament at Blackpool North Shore. The sixteen competitors had already qualified for the match-play stages, there was only one scratching, and not only were the struggles close, but the golf excellent. It was a fine performance for the winner, Mrs. Freeman, of Davyhulme Park, to come through, for at 4 she was the backmarker of the tournament, never giving less than 3 strokes, and in the final as many as 8. This was to Mrs. Batty, of Formby, whom she beat by 2 and 1. Moreover, Mrs. Freeman was making her first appearance in a big competition, and an impressive one it evidently was, for Miss Clark, writes that "she has a beautifully smooth swing, and hits the ball very truly. Her short game is excellent, and with experience and a little more 'snap' in her wooden shots, she should become a very formidable player." That is splendid news, for no county is so strong that it cannot do with a new player of real merit, and Mrs. Freeman must be watched. Let us hope to see her in BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes at Birkdale next April 13th and following days.

Winners of the "Star" Tournament

Camberley Heath won the Women's Inter-club Tournament organised by the "Star" at Wentworth: Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Julia Hill, and Miss Heather Palmes (captain); (sitting) Miss Molly Gourlay and Mrs. A. C. Johnston

THREE other events of the week I can only retail. Sussex County Inter-Club Foursomes, played at West Sussex; and Sussex Inter-Club Championship, played at Mannings Heath. Both of these were won by Royal Ashdown Forest, a remarkably stout performance in one year. Fellow "girls" will note with pride that Mary Cowan was an 8 and 7 winner at Mannings Heath, and fellow "foursome-ites" equally gladly that Mrs. Cecil Burns came through both events undefeated. Hindhead must be congratulated on winning the Pearson Trophy, and then let me turn to the golf I actually watched last week.

FIRST, Parliamentary at Wentworth, which reminds me that next year BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes are to be played over the East and Centre Courses there, on Monday, May 24th, immediately before the Club's own scratch knock-out foursomes. Wentworth is always so popular and ought to be at its most beautiful and best then. But is there a "most beautiful" at a course where the trees are always a joy? Autumn tints there last week really beggared description.

Miss Lampson came to this Parliamentary meeting holding the scratch prize, and proceeded to win it again, thereby also taking the Jubilee Scratch aggregate Cup; if her 80 started rather unsteadily, it finished well, and at all events other low handicaps did a lot worse. Mrs. Fergusson, who was one of the Miss Corys, won the Ussher Handicap Cup with 81—8=73; and the Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson the Fleming Disher handicap aggregate.

NEXT day, the *Star* Finals at Wentworth, as full of thrills as the sea is of salt water. It has always been one of the year's amazements that Camberley Heath could not even reach the final of this most popular tournament. This time they not only survived the morning, beating Walton Heath 3-2, but also the afternoon, when they won by the same margin from Rochester and Cobham Park, and so at last won the event.

Mrs. Alec Johnston filled a little niche of glory all her own, and floodlit at that; for each time everything stood all square with her match alone in the balance, and each time she won. Not too much need be said about the last three holes in the morning, though it was established that some sockets are not as utter as others, but at least she holed bravely after a bunker at the 20th, and that was good enough for a win. So was her great putt right across the 17th for the win in the afternoon. Rochester and Cobham Park brought entirely fresh blood into the finals, and very welcome it was to see them, particularly with Miss Wanda Morgan to lead and captain them. Beating the mighty Addington by the odd match in the morning was a real triumph, the sort of team spirit "are-we-down-hearted-No!" affair which is the life and soul of every inter-club tournament. Miss Morgan v. Mrs. Garon was supposed to promise a magnificent match, but neither was at anything like her best, for Mrs. Garon seems to have lost her swing at the moment, and Miss Morgan was so nonplussed at the glorious chances this offered that it was not until after the turn that she woke up and took them.

HOWEVER, things were entirely different in the afternoon, when she and Miss Molly Gourlay treated the gallery to golf that can truly be called sparkling. The L.G.U. par may be 73, but I refuse to think anyone could have played much better than Miss Morgan, who was round in 75, and won 1 up. Miss Gourlay's repeated recoveries and one putts were splendid, real fighting golf of the best, but Miss Morgan very seldom gave herself the need for desperate remedies. Up all the way to the 15th, she lost her lead there, only to take it again at the 16th by putting one of the best spoon-shots I have ever seen, out of a divot, right home and close to the pin, and, halving the last two holes, won 1 up. It was grand; and mixed in with the *Star's* inimitable hospitality, a great treat. Miss Chambers, Mrs. Johnston aforesaid, and Miss Heather Palmes were Camberley's afternoon winners, and that was that. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Runners-up at Wentworth

Rochester and Cobham Park were the victims of Camberley Heath in the "Star" trophy final: Mrs. Barnham Green, Mrs. J. A. Miller, Miss J. Oswald, Mrs. Lawrence (reserve) and Mrs. A. A. Smith; (sitting) Miss E. Fowle and Miss Wanda Morgan (captain)

It Remains To Be Seen . . .

. . . *What Television Shows Us*

. . . *Whether M. Degrelle Fulfills His Boast*

M. Léon Degrelle, the young leader of the Rexist Party in Belgium, has said he will be in power in six months. He only formed his party last year (before that he was a journalist in Louvain), but it won 21 seats in the May elections in the Chamber of Deputies and is forcing extremism on Belgian politics. M. Degrelle believes in dictatorship but not in violence

Major Tryon, the Postmaster-General, inaugurated the television service from Alexandra Palace last week. At the moment only inhabitants of Greater London can be "lookers-on," but prophecy runs that by May the range of transmission will be around forty miles, and no doubt we'll soon be able to see round the world

Herr von Ribbentrop was off to present his credentials to the King as German Ambassador, with Sir Sidney Clive, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, to look after him. What with General Goering talking about "stolen colonies" and Mr. Gallacher making disparaging remarks about Herr von Ribbentrop and protests being lodged in both capitals, the new Ambassador's first weeks of office were strewn with obstacles to the Anglo-German friendship that it is his mission to foster

. . . *Whether von Ribbentrop Makes Us Friends*

Nights Out

Various Ways of Spending Them

Left : Miss Diana Mills and the Earl of Macduff were at the ball in aid of the South London Hospital for Women at Claridge's. He is Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught's only son, and is in the Scots Greys

Right : Dodie Smith's " Call It a Day " opened at the Globe on October 30th, 1935, so they had a party at the Savoy to celebrate its anniversary. Fay Compton, who plays lead opposite Owen Nares, came with Lily Elsie

Laughing at the Photographer

Charity Ball at Claridge's

Eighteen-year-old Lord Jellicoe and Miss Diana James danced in aid of the South London Hospital for Women ; the Duke and Duchess of York attended the ball

Left : Barry Jones sat next to Fabia Drake at the " Call It a Day " anniversary-party. He came on from the Lyric, where he is in the brilliant name-part of " Charles the King "

Calling It a Day

Two of a Supper-party

Mrs. Heber-Percy was sitting next to her brother-in-law, Lord Shrewsbury, at the supper-table. She is Lady Shrewsbury's elder sister

Three of the Same Supper-party

Miss Susan Otto and Mr. Peter Heber-Percy sat at Lady Shrewsbury's end of the table. She married the 21st earl last March ; was Nadine Crofton-Atkins

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The San Marco

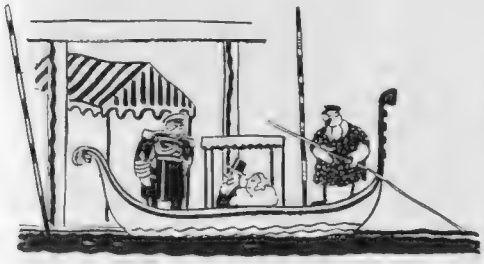
Place and Time Smart, sophisticated and gay, very Mayfair.
The exquisitely romantic Venetian décor demands a woman's loveliest clothes: in return it gives attraction to any face, reveals beauty in a pretty one.
Furthermore, it's a magic place for lunch on a dreary winter day.
In the evening you may, if you like, wear day clothes and sit (but not dance) in the outer restaurant.

Cabaret Una Carlisle, "coloured queen of rhythm pianists," plays at midnight. Next week Oliver Wakefield arrives to wisecrack.

Band Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers are new since last week; they play from nine till two every night.

Headman Humbert (Umberto Possenti) *created* the San Marco.

Food You may make your own choice in the evening—at lunch you *must* eat the hot hors-d'œuvres, the new winter speciality.
The hot lunch plat du jour has always been particularly good here—Irish stew, goulasch hongroise, an irresistible émincé de volaille, and so on.
Whatever it is, it's ready and goes around on a trolley, so you can be sure of lunching quickly if you must.



Arriving at the San Marco—exquisitely romantic but exquisitely imaginary

The Ritz

Place and Time As always, lunch-time here gives your country cousin an incomparable view of socialite London.
In the evening it's the most friendly of smart restaurants, maybe because the décor is unmodern, maybe because in ultra-Austrian days (when Charlie was here) we used to community-sing.
Extension night is Wednesday, and crowded to absurdity.

Cabaret Eileen Hunter makes her début as cabaret star.
By day she's a Bruton Street mannequin; at midnight she sings songs she wrote herself, and does imitations, including one of Gertrude Lawrence who she is a little like anyway. Figure and dress-sense naturally unimpeachable; intelligence, voice and personality good. She's a real discovery.

At midday she's a mannequin—

Russell Swann, conjuror-compère and Georges-André Martin, who "dances with his fingers," share the programme with her. The latter is a real artist, and has made a

The Dorchester

A NEW REVUE

"MIDNIGHT LAUGHTER"

"Swift & Sparkling" —MORNING POST

STARRING

STEVE GERAY

MAGDA KUN

LYDIA & JORESCO

PHYLLIS STANLEY

THE 3 WIERE BROTHERS

THE DORCHESTER GIRLS

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

"The Best Cabaret I have ever seen." —DAILY MIRROR

PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

PEGGY HAMILTON
appearing in "Midnight Laughter"

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Late Restaurant Manager Dorchester Hotel *late Chef de Cuisine Mayfair Hotel*

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant
Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London. W.1.
THE rebuilding of the last Section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel has been completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café, Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely Reconstructed, with large and small suites, and rooms with private baths, every modern equipment. The Restaurant Foyer Café and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Excellent Cuisine and Wines; and specialize in Oysters, Lobsters and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock. Good car parking in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.
Telephone: GROSVENOR 2964. Telegrams: CLARGHOTEL, AUDLEY, LONDON.

You can be assured of
A VERY GOOD DINNER
at the
RENDEZVOUS RESTAURANT
45, DEAN STREET, off Shaftesbury-avenue, W.1.
Please Book Table. **4s. 6d.. and à la carte.** Gerrard 3464.

Drambuie
THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE
Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.
Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.
THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE.

— At midnight she's a star

brilliant and original miniature show out of his finger ballet.

Band
Joe Kaye's.

Headman
Aletto is one of the world-known restaurateurs. He opened the Ritz Grill (a traditional place to go if you're having an unofficial evening out) before he took charge of the restaurant.

Food and Wine
Both the menu and wine list are "classical." You expect and get excellence.

The Dorchester

Place and Time
If you don't know what to expect at the Dorchester, where have you been all your life? Floor-shows became fashionable here and still are, and floor-shows must have their Girls.
Two dancers appear at 10.15 for the benefit of diners. The real cabaret starts after midnight: that and supper and a little dancing, and you won't get home till two, but you'll have enjoyed your party. Extension night is Thursday.
It's nice to lunch here on a sunny day, to sit by the huge window and see the tree-tops of the Park. There is also the Grill if you are in a less party-ish and extravagant mood, and the Sherry Bar is a place to remember around six o'clock.

Jack Jackson plays "Please sit down for the cabaret" to the "Big Bad Wolf" tune

Cabaret
There are the Dorchester Girls to sing and dance and cheer the tired business man.
There are also the Wiere Brothers who are extremely funny, and Lydia and Joresco, who dance divinely.
And Steve Geray and Magda Kun (back chat and imitations) and Pamela Stanley (song and dance) are on the star list.
The show is arranged on revue lines, is short and goes at swinging speed. Its run lasts till early December.

Band
Jack Jackson's.

FOR IRRESISTIBLE DANCE MUSIC!
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PHILIP BROWN Ltd.
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THESE FAMOUS BANDS
REVELLERS
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6, Livery Street, Birmingham 3

Headman
Pratesi (late of the Carlton) is in charge of the restaurant.

Food and Wine
Here again the food is the kind you eat wherever the chef is one of the leading men of his profession.
The wine list is immense, an education in itself.

Grosvenor House

Place and Time The luxury hotel atmosphere surrounds you from the swing-doors onwards. Sophie Tucker, who filled the place a week or two ago, is the only star with a personality ample enough for solo appearance in the silver-mirrored restaurant.
Now there 's a floor-show again to accompany your supper.
Extension night is Thursday.

Cabaret Peter Sergei's " Folies d'Apaches " consists of eighteen beautiful girls (British), six more beautiful mannequins, a batch of stars, and some nice Carl Tucker music.

Folies d'Apache among the Grosvenor House supper eaters

The stars—Molly Picon, the American comedienne; Doray and Chela, Cuban dancers; Max and Harry Nesbitt, funny men; Pamela Randall, the new *Transatlantic Rhythm* find who is only eighteen.

Band Sydney Lipton's.

Headman Pastori will look after you in the restaurant.

Food Specialities which Pastori himself will set the final flame to are the perdreau flambé—partridge served in flaming brandy, with a mushroom and brandy sauce—and his own version of crêpe suzette.
Omelet Pastori is another speciality, and a miraculous soufflé in which two eggs are poached and served inside a golden-brown crust.

The May Fair

Place and Time There 's the restaurant for lunch, dinner and supper, the snack-bar (the Viking) for lighter and quicker meals. Choose the restaurant for your evening out if you like dancing; the room is genuinely arranged and the floor kept clear for that purpose.

Cabaret The Nicholas Brothers, brilliant young stars of *Blackbirds*, arrived here on Monday, their first cabaret appearance in England.
Their dancing will bewitch you with its speed, brilliance and wit. The little Nicholas has an irresistible smile.

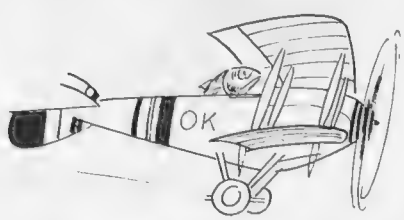
Band Ambrose, accepted genius as dance-band leader, is a big draw.

Headman Charles is the manager of the restaurant.

Food Good, of course, and the Viking continues to serve its amusing Scandinavian dishes and drinks.

Prunier's

Place and Time Busy, cosmopolitan, stimulating—it has an atmosphere to raise your spirits and quicken your brain as Paris itself does.
If you are wise, you lunch early to miss the table- and waiter-competition. Mondays and Saturdays are reasonably peaceful all the time.
Dégustation is the 5.30 to 6.30 speciality instead of the overdone cocktail date.



Apprehensive fish on its way to Prunier's

au RITZ

Entertainment every night by famous cabaret stars.
Dancing to Joe Kaye's Ritz Band. Extension—Wednesday.

PICCADILLY, W.1. TELEPHONE: REGENT 8181

The WESTMINSTER
ICE RINK
HAS NOW RE-OPENED FOR THE
WINTER SEASON

"—for Indoor Skating in the most attractive surroundings in London—and the best winter exercise in the world!"

Skating: Grown-ups .. 2/6
Children under 13 1/6 (except week-end)
Skates to hire .. 1/-
LESSONS AT ANY TIME
From 3/6 per Half-hour.

Daily :—
10 a.m. — 1.0
2.45 — 6.0
7.45 — 10.45

THE RESTAURANT for Luncheon and Dinner. Buses 88, 32, 11, 77. — CAR PARK — THE BAND Under Alec Browne.

ADJOINING THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, S.W.1

ON PRENDRA! You take home *des spécialités* and Prunier's *carte des vins.*

Both at home and in the Restaurant you can now enjoy Prunier's exclusive cuisine and the rare wines of France. Take away any dish packed in an attractive blue carton—that's Prunier's "On Prendra" Service. Wines delivered to your door at a Special discount of 15%.

Oysters all the year round, and all kinds of fish and caviare.

PRUNIER
RESTAURANT
72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1
Telephone: REGENT 1373/4

Dinner and supper follow each other from seven o'clock, and on Sundays, too.

Band and Cabaret None.

Food There is no more amusing menu in London.
You know you must eat fish. Try scallops—St. Jacques Prunier, Marinière or Bordelaise. Or try escargots de Bourgoyne ; they are in season.
So is game, of course : perdreau au choux, canard sauvage à l'orange, rable de lièvre are specialities.
If you are rich, asparagus has begun again.

Wine Barsac is now added to the by-the-glass list ; Haut Loupiac, for example, is excellent with oysters and fish. To drink white claret more elaborately, try Château Myrat 1914 (8/6), a Château la Tour Blanche 1921 (12/-), or, best of all, the golden Château Suduirant of 1900.

The Coq d'Or

Place and Time Look where the Blue Train used to be for this new eating place. It opened last week (Guy Fawkes' Day), serves lunch and dinner, and dinner on Sundays.
Its style is Provençal auberge. Paul Guieu, who planned some of the Queen Mary's lighting, thought out the toile de Jouy panels in oak framing, the big fireplaces, the spinning-wheel chandeliers — attractive and quite unlike anything in London.

The Coq d' Or opened on Guy Fawkes' Day

DINE AND DANCE AT THE

San Marco

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
MAYFAIR PLACE,
BERKELEY STREET, W.1
MAYFAIR 4811

London's Loveliest Restaurant

with Venetian Décor Designed by **OLIVER MESSEL**

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COLOURED QUEEN OF RHYTHM PIANISTS

NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT

BEN OAKLEY

and his BARNSTORMERS

EVERY EVENING FROM 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

LUNCHEON, 6/6 THEATRE DINNER, 8/6
DINNER, 15/6 SUPPER, 12/6

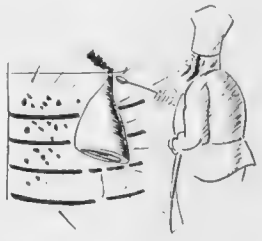
OR A LA CARTE

CUISINE PAR EXCELLENCE UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF UMBERTO POSSENTI

Band and Cabaret None.

Headman Sartori is the "boss" ; he was at the Dorchester till a few months ago, and has a restaurant at La Garoupe that every summer Riviera migrant knows.
His partner is E. Berthaud, formerly chef at the May Fair.

Food The same specialities as Sartori has served in London



You can watch your joint being roasted by "Mme. la Broche"

and on the Riviera you can eat here, including his famous hors-d'œuvres, and the peerless (and secret) Sartori sauce.
There 's a huge spit where roasts and Provençal dishes, like poulet à la broche, and quenelle de brochet are cooked.

Wine Wines and brandies from the legendary cellars of the Hermitage at Le Touquet are on the Coq d'Or list. Henocq, a tremendous personality among sommeliers, has come over from Le Touquet to serve them worthily.

The New Clarges

Place and Time Quiet and good : you don't come here if you want the chatter and clatter of an "evening out," but for gold without glitter. It 's one of the few places in London that is peaceful even when it 's full.
The right adjective for your neighbours will be "interesting" rather than "amusing"—such a relief.
The times—lunch, cocktail, dinner, either early or late.

Band and Cabaret None.

Headman Binaco is the manager of the restaurant.

Food Here 's the crux of your visit. All the food is good ; of special excellence are the oysters, lobsters, turtle soup, the game (how they cook game here !), the lamb, the tournedos.

Specialities making hot-foot for the New Clarges kitchen

Something to try—volaille sauté mer fillioux : chicken cut in slices and braised, with white wine sauce, cream carrots and baby onions ; a very old and classic dish.

Wine Make a note of these : a Moselle that 's unsurpassed with oysters—Graacher Himmelreich 1927 ; a burgundy to drink with game or tournedos—Richebourg 1929 ; the 1921 Liebfraumilch.

The Bon Viveur

Place and Time It 's a club, but don't let that dismay you—the subscription is so small you can save it on a meal or two. But it 's a real club—proposer and seconder required. Once joined, you use it for lunch, cocktails, dinner, and supper, and you wear any clothes from tweeds to lamé flannels to white waistcoat.

A good drink tastes better when the syphon says . . .

It 's small and friendly and attractive, and the most amusing people use it (you " use " a club and " go to " a restaurant) regularly.

Cabaret None.

Band A three-man band of the tzigane kind plays in the evening. You can dance or listen.

Headman Davico looks after everything.

Food Is the reason why the membership grows and grows. The kitchen, like the restaurant, is miniature, so every order is cooked specially : nothing stands stewing on the hob.

Geographical mystery at the Bon Viveur

Here 's something to try, a classic cooked Bon Viveur fashion : poulet sauté bohemienne (chicken richly cooked with wine and brown sauce and herbs, and served with tomatoes, pimentos and rice).

Wine The wine list is small compared with some, but everything on it is good.
But for a change a cocktail recommendation is Bleu Ciel—two-thirds gin, one-third blue curaçoa, a new and pleasant liqueur from Holland. The shaking is twice as long as an ordinary cocktail.

The Rendezvous

Place and Time This is authentic Soho, with no truckling to chromium-plate, indirect lighting, or other chi-chi modernities.
Thirty-six years the Rendezvous has served excellent, ample meals, and thirty-six years more won't be too long to go on doing it.
The clientèle includes every type, from comfortable English husbands and wives to much-married film stars avoiding publicity.
There are two or three rooms, and a balcony upstairs ; you 'd never guess at the space the frontage hides.
You can have supper as well as lunch and dinner, and on Sundays as well.

Band and Cabaret None.

Headman Martini has studied the peculiarities of his clients for eighteen years, and should write his reminiscences.

Food Ample and excellent as you 've heard. Specialities are the hors-d'œuvres, as much and as many as you can eat,

Rendezvous at the Rendezvous

the sole Rendezvous, the lobster mayonnaise, the chicken en casserole. Asparagus soup is worth remembering.
Prices are very reasonable. There 's a four-course lunch for 3/-, a quick lunch for even less, a theatre dinner for 3/6, a full dinner for 4/-. And à la carte.

Wine The restaurant, unlike some in Soho, is fully licensed. The wine list is sound and interesting.

The Westminster Ice Rink

Place For the first time this rink is open to all instead of being run as a club, so any time you want exercise, you have no excuse for not taking it. Here you must come to restore the svelte figure you left in some restaurant or other.
There 's nothing Spartan about it : the temperature never goes below 62°, and except for the ice being as hard as ever, controlled luxury is the keynote.
Alick Johnstone, London's king scenery painter, has done an amusing seal and penguin mural as part of the new décor.
Nice clean bits of ice are kept for experts to practice their maddeningly perfect this and that.

High-spirited skater takes a short cut

Time Skating sessions 10-1 ; 2.45-6 ; 7.45-10.45. Beginners' nights, Mondays and Fridays, 7.45-10.45.

Price 2/6 a session, except beginners' nights, which are 1/6. Lessons are very moderate—from 3/6 for half an hour.

Food There 's a snack-bar by the rink. The balcony restaurant and Spanish bar are run on club lines (Westminster Ice Club), and incidentally, the rink is reserved for members on Sundays.

MARIUS B. WINTER'S
DANCE ORCHESTRAS

Carlton House, REGENT STREET
WHItehall 4816

At the Coq d'Or

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron went to the opening night dinner at the Coq d'Or in Stratton Street

At Grosvenor House

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe had supper together on extension night at Grosvenor House last week

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

The fashions of the Directoire period have proved a source of inspiration to modern designers. Evidence of this is given by the evening coat on the right from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is made in heavy white satin, worked with eyelet holes, outlined in lacquer. The square, built-out shoulders, small waist, and flared skirt are characteristic of the times, while black velvet revers and collar provide a striking contrast. Cut-away jackets with tails and lace jabots are worn with dinner suits, while tweed and face-cloth are favourite materials. The latter is used for a reversible Spanish cape in royal purple and scarlet

Alexander

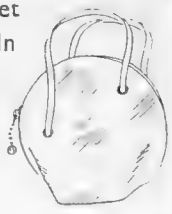
Ways Of Wearing Curls

Every woman should visit the new hairdressing salons at Harrods, Knightsbridge. There are seventy-two cubicles artistically decorated in pastel shades, each one containing an independent telephone. In fact, every luxury and comfort is provided, including a delightfully easy chair with tea-tray which swings into position. Pictured above are three different evening coiffures, created by Harrods, for the young débutante. On the left the hair is softly waved across the back while the ends are curled up and off the face. With the centre coiffure, loose curls are massed on the forehead and carried down the back with slanting waves either side. Another and very becoming variation is pictured on the right, with vertical waves down to the nape of the neck, a pronounced coxcomb in front, and curls over and above the ears

Velvets are the Vogue

Velvet is now the motif—and Walpoles sure touch gives you frocks to harmonise with your velvet scarf

LEFT Here is the fashionable velvet theme and marvellous value at 3½ gns. In wool with down actually woven into the material—soft as gossamer and so warm—note its smart jumper effect—just the thing you need for a smart all-occasions day dress. Both these dresses are in many new autumn shades



HAT: A very smart "pot" hat all in velvet, from Walpoles Hat Salon, **42/9**

BAG: The new shell-shape bag in calf or suede with zipp fastener and separate mirror and purse. In brown, black or navy. **1** guinea

RIGHT Another variation of the essential velvet motif carried out in an entirely original way on a little all-day dress with its clever tunic that is so kind to the lines of your figure. It is a copy of a Mainbocher model, full of youth and charm in a new all-wool material, 5½ gns. HAT: Smart velvet & felt, **39/9**

HAT: The new coiffure hat in Turbaned velvet, **35/9**

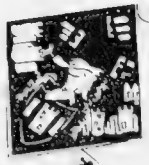
Walpoles

OF BOND STREET

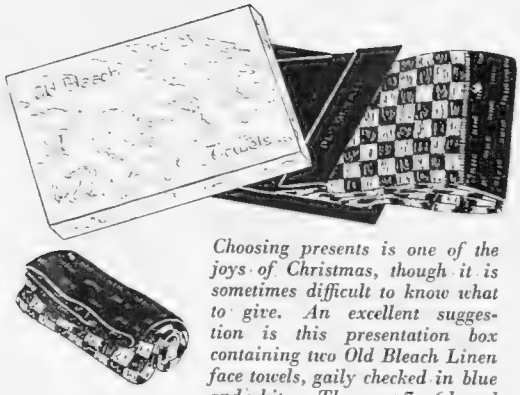
SLOANE STREET AND KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAM

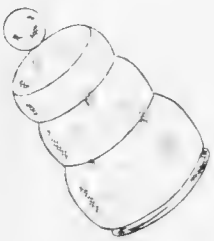


For dancing and evening wear, Marjorie Castle, 18, Berkeley Square, is showing vivid emerald-green suède sandals, cut away and perforated with large holes the size of a threepenny bit. She also favours brightly coloured Coronation handkerchiefs like those sketched; they are made of fine lawn and cost 2s. 6d.

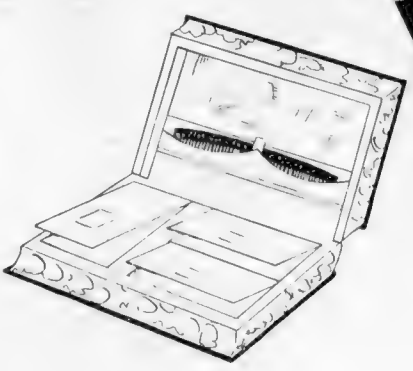


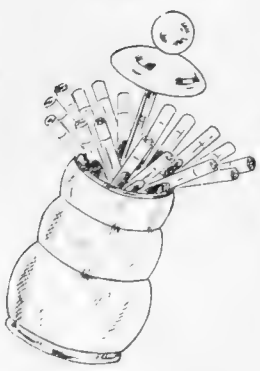
Choosing presents is one of the joys of Christmas, though it is sometimes difficult to know what to give. An excellent suggestion is this presentation box containing two Old Bleach Linen face towels, gaily checked in blue and white. They cost 7s. 6d. and are delightfully soft in texture

It is unusual to find a table bell in the shape of an Aberdeen terrier. This one in black carved wood, has rather a vicious expression, and may be seen at Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street. It costs 15s. and rings whenever the tongue is touched



Here are two original types of headgear for cocktail and restaurant wear, designed and carried out by Marjorie Castle. On the left is a close-fitting black net skull-cap with a spray of autumn leaves across the forehead, and above a black velvet mediæval bonnet with a stiffened veil which ties in a bow





Take your choice from any of the twenty-five cigarettes packed in the jar on the left. They each have their own stand, and spring up automatically whenever the lid is lifted. The jar is made in silver and gilt metal and comes from Mudie's

All those about to begin their Christmas shopping should visit the gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly. It is teeming with ideas, including bags in the shape of leather-bound novels with highly amusing though inappropriate titles

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Cambridge Golf Team

I saw the Cambridge University golf team in action for the first time this term when the University played its annual match against the League on the course of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club at Worlington. R. H. Oppenheimer, who ran and captained the League team, was taking no chances as he collected an extremely strong side—so strong, in fact, that the last pair in the foursomes consisted of two champions. A great deal has been written already in praise of the Cambridge team, and there is little doubt that a great deal more will be written about a team which appears likely to be one of the strongest that has ever represented Cambridge.

At the present time the South African, C. de G. Watermeyer, is leading the team, with J. D. A. Langley playing second and the captain, P. B. Lucas, third. It is a great advantage to start with three extremely good players, but three players, however good they may be, do not make a good team. The Oxford side for which R. H. Wethered played top, C. J. H. Tolley second, and J. B. Beck third, was by no means a strong team, although its three top players all, at a later date, represented Great Britain in Walker Cup matches.

It appears from what we have seen to date that Cambridge will be strong not only at the top but also in the middle and at the tail, and I always prefer a side with a strong tail to one with strong leaders. If you can manage to pick a side with the last man nearly as good as the top man you will, without any question, have a decidedly strong team. All the teams which have won the Halford Hewitt Cup have possessed last pairs which were practically as good as the leading pairs—in fact, they have been teams which would be just as strong in whatever order the various pairs played. Why I think Cambridge will have a very strong side is not because the side starts with three very good players, but because two of these players, Watermeyer and Langley, and two old half Blues failed to qualify for the Carr Cup, for which eight players qualify by medal play to play off by match play.

As I write Cambridge has played four matches: Worplesdon was beaten by ten matches to eight; Royal Wimbledon by nine matches to six; and the Army at West Hill by eight matches to four; while the League was victorious by eleven matches to seven. And I am inclined to think that the defeat by the League by only four matches is the team's best performance so far this season. The top foursome consisted of three players who have played in Walker Cup matches and one who has been a reserve and ended in a victory for experience, C. J. H. Tolley and Alec Hill winning on the last green. The match was all square and one to play when Langley and Lucas between them drove out of bounds no fewer than three times. T. S. Winton, who was largely responsible for Cambridge winning the dinner match at Hoylake this year, and Langley have already been invited to play against Oxford at Princes, Sandwich, next year, and as besides the captain, Lucas, there are three old half Blues in residence, there are only four places in the team to fill, provided the old half Blues all retain their places—and there is not the slightest doubt that there will be great competition for these places.

At the moment A. S. Todd (Pembroke), G. Dixon (Magdalene), J. B. Ellis (St. Catharine's), S. Dalley (Emmanuel), and R. B. Boulter (Clare) appear to be the most likely candidates for the remaining places. They are all good golfers and with the experience of playing against the leading golfers of the London district in their weekly matches, are bound to improve.

J. B. Ellis is the male holder of the Central England Mixed Foursomes; he has a lazy, controlled swing which makes hitting the golf ball look an easy and effortless operation. With a little more experience and confidence he will be a very difficult man to beat, especially if he continues to keep his great power under control.

S. Dalley, a Canadian, looks a thoroughly good and sound golfer and has had more experience than the average Freshman; he is reported to have beaten Gene Sarazen, and if you watch him play you will see no reason why this report should not be true. He won both his matches against the League and as he had as opponents Henry Longhurst and Oppenheimer in his foursome and G. H. Micklem in his single, he put up performances of which he is certainly entitled to be proud.

R. B. Boulter, who is a pupil of Henry Cotton, has only been playing golf for a short time and at the present moment, although he is very long and an extremely good putter, is not quite good enough, but by next March, if I am not greatly mistaken, he will have improved out of all knowledge and should have a chance of gaining a place in the side against Oxford.

Lucas is still very wild and erratic; since his enforced rest from the game about a year ago, owing to an injury to his wrist, he has never recovered his proper form. During the time he was not allowed to play golf Lucas, who is as keen a golfer as anyone I know, with the possible exception of Bernard Darwin, spent a large portion of his time reading and thinking golf; he got hold of nearly every book ever written on the game, and studied the various and numerous theories propounded by the great players. The result was that when he started to play again he was so full of theories that he could hardly hit the ball at all, and visits to professionals have not assisted him to any great extent.

To become a really good golfer again he should try and remember how he played before his injury and employ those methods once more which so obviously suit him, although they may not be the best. At present he is too willing to listen to any hint or tip which anyone may offer and to try and put it in practice, and until he eliminates all these theories and goes back to his old, natural way of hitting the ball, I can see little chance of his again becoming a reliable first-class golfer. Much knowledge, as well as a little, is a dangerous thing with regard to the playing of golf shots.

Miss Fishwick's Team Beat Oxford at Wentworth

M. Smuts (Magdalen), Miss D. Pearson, Miss Diana Fishwick and T. C. Harvey (Christ Church), halved their foursome in the annual match between Oxford and a team of Miss Fishwick's, which this year contained five ex-champions

I. Earle (Univ.), Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Nancy Halsted and C. O. I. Ramsden (New College); the ladies lost the foursome 3 and 2. Oxford, conceding a third, were beaten by 8 matches to 3 on the day's play over the Wentworth East Course

Are Old Cars Dangerous?

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE question of the safety or otherwise of cars of old pattern is very much to the fore at the moment. In the first place, the Ministry of Transport is making certain regulations, the effect of which will be to render compulsory certain up-to-date fittings.

Furthermore, I find that insurance companies are looking askance at cars which have passed a certain age. Before insuring them, or before insuring the driver against third-party risks, they are demanding to see a certificate of mechanical efficiency, to be issued by some responsible firm of motor engineers.

To what extent is this attitude justified? Is an old car really more liable to become involved in accidents than a new one, or are the authorities, in their mistrust of veteran cars as a class, distressing themselves needlessly?

IN my view, the safety or otherwise of an old car is a matter that depends entirely on the individual driver—and not so much on his ability as on his attitude of mind towards cars in general. There are some drivers who will handle all cars alike. If it has exceptional acceleration, they will drive it too fast. If it has no acceleration at all, they will "cut in." with it through not being able to overtake cleanly in a limited space.

For such people only one sort of car is safe. That is the average modern car, which is neither more nor less efficient than any other car which they may meet on the road. The Ministry of Transport is right, and the insurance companies are right, in desiring that motorists of this class shall not use cars other than those which conform to average modern standards.

On the other hand, there are many drivers who have learned to regard cars individually—and I find it difficult to believe that such drivers become dangerous when they are in charge of cars of old type.

AS I see it, there is no deficiency inherent in an old car for which allowance cannot be made, provided that the driver has the ordinary common-sense to make such allowances. The brakes of the old car are presumably not so good; but there is surely no difficulty in allowing ten per cent. of extra space when coming to a standstill. The acceleration is less rapid; but similarly, it is easy to calculate for using ten per cent. more space in overtaking. In every form of driving a margin of safety is allowed for. With the old car it is simply a matter of increasing this margin to the requisite extent.

Of course, this argument must not be carried to absurd lengths, otherwise it could be held that, with the driver allowing the maximum margin, a car could be safely driven without any brakes at all.

ONE is bound to admit that some line of demarkation must be drawn, so as to exclude from the road those cars which are so old as to be decrepit. Since the authorities have to cater for motorists of all sorts and conditions, it may be necessary to penalise veteran machines which have no worse fault than slight general debility. But so far as the insurance companies are concerned, one feels that a broader view might well be taken. If the motorist has a good insurance record it seems to me that his discretion in the matter should be trusted. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is not on the machine itself, but on the man behind the wheel, that the responsibility for an accident devolves.

The Rover 1937 "Fourteen" 6-cylinder Saloon: it sells at £305

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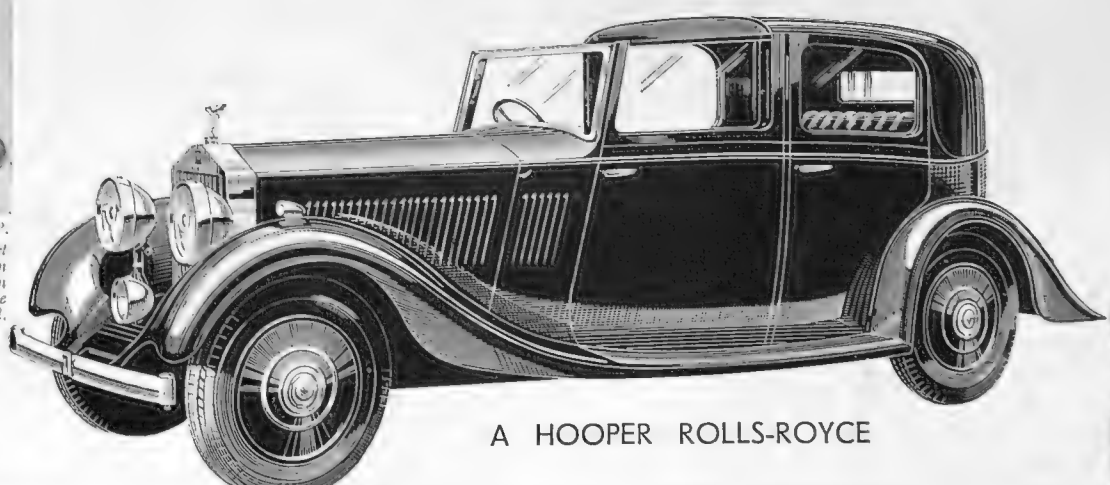

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Please be Generous

NOV. 11 REMEMBRANCE DAY

Kennington Service.

New 'Planes for Owner Pilots

By Charles Ward

American Expert Buys British

ILLUSTRATED on this page is the Miles "Mohawk," the choice of Colonel Charles Lindbergh for personal transport. I have heard it stated as a fact that he has never travelled by train since his historic first solo Atlantic flight ten years ago. There is, of course, no connection between the two—he couldn't have crossed the ditch by train, anyway—but flying is so obviously the quick way of getting around and speed in the air is cheap. The "Mohawk" is a new type, built to order and embodying many features that are novel, though in general lines it follows previous Miles' practice. Its contour indicates speed—approaching 200 miles an hour with a super-charged "Menasco" engine, which is the American equivalent of our "Gipsy." Electric starting, radio, wheel-brakes, split trailing edge flaps, night lights, electrically operated parachute flares, to mention points in no particular order, are incorporated. Every instrument, every knob or switch has been sited where it is most convenient. It is a pity that aircraft designers don't leave the planning of the pilot's office always to an average practical pilot, for how many knobs are found in the wrong place? The colour scheme is orange and black—as a matter of history, the old N.F.S. colours—chosen because they are the most visible under all weather conditions. The engine is to be manufactured under licence by Phillips and Powis over here, and a new factory will be built at Reading. In addition to C. O. Powis, who started the company and F. G. Miles, who designs the aircraft, the directors now include A. F. Sidgreaves, who is managing director of Rolls Royce, and A. Wormald, a director of that company.

Colonel Lindbergh piloting the special two-seater built to conform with his own ideas by F. G. Miles. It is named the "Mohawk," and has a 200-h.p. supercharged American engine

A Ford Takes the Air

HAVE you seen the "Wicko" high-wing monoplane flying at Stapleford Abbots? It has a Ford V.8 engine, suitably geared to drive the airscrew. There are side-by-side seats and it cruises at 100 miles an hour. Its price at £425 is based on small production, otherwise it should be a little cheaper. An alternative power unit is the Cirrus Minor, built by Blackburns at Brough. Its power is 80 horses, whereas the V.8 engine gives 85, some indication of why our Morris "Ten" gets passed on the

(Concluded on page vi)

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Eleanor Adair

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Just apply these periodically to keep the "whites" clear and fresh. Surprising how they improve the appearance. 4/6.

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When you see those bothersome puckerings appear around your eyes, try and resist the temptation to massage them away yourself. Quite probably you will stretch the skin, the very thing you want to avoid. What you really need is my SPECIAL EYE TREATMENT, it tones up the eye muscles, contracts the skin and on the whole brightens your outlook considerably.

If unruly facial contours are disturbing your peace of mind, let my original STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT put you at ease. Gently but surely the lost curves of youth are re-created and you go on your way rejoicing in your new found loveliness.

★ *My booklet, "Facial and Eye Home Exercises" is packed with really beautifying hints. 1/- post free.*

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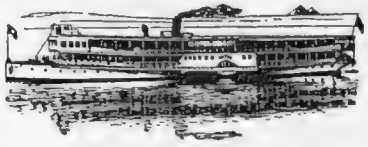
THE NILE VOYAGE



To view ancient Egypt is a dream for all, but for many, under the auspices of Cooks organization, it is a memorable reality...

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Camels, donkeys, or motor-cars wait for you at each stopping-place. You will see Memphis, with the two colossal statues of Rameses the Great. You will see the step Pyramid of Sakkara. You will pass the rocky slopes of Gebel-el-Tyre, rising sheer from the Nile waters. You will visit the Temples of Luxor and Karnak, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings—history written in the living rock of Egypt. You will see the Tombs of Rameses IX and Tutankhamen, the burial-place of Queen Nefertari, and the great Colossi of Memnon.

You will enrich your own knowledge from that of your dragoman, who will guide you through the history of Egypt's ancient and most marvellous civilization.

Between December 9th and March 10th (the weather then is perfect) there are thirteen sailings of Cooks Nile Steamers. Fares are from £65—which includes besides your food and accommodation on board, the dragoman's service, and all excursions.

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buy a car made in the

UNITED KINGDOM

New 'Planes for Owner Pilots

(*Continued from page iv*)

road. Another new light monoplane is that built by Heston Aircraft for the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. It is a twin with Continental flat four-cylinder engines and has been designed mostly by E. G. Hordern. Like the "Mohawk," it is a private commission job and will only be built to order. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has an aerodrome on his estate at Goodwood, quite close to his house. Lindsay-Neale has just completed a hangar that is original in design, being fitted with a thatched reed roof to harmonise with the surrounding landscape. The standard hangar of this size, with doors at one end, costs £100 with an ordinary timber and bitumen-felt roof, but the addition of the thatch makes it most attractive and well worth the extra charge. The "Aeronca" is going into production on a big scale—200 have been ordered for sale over here and on the Continent. It is nearly the cheapest two-seater on the market, being listed at £395 complete to fly away. Its 38 horse-power engine is cheap to run at three gallons an hour, cruising speed being about 85 miles an hour. Heston has modified a "Cadet" to take a Gipsy engine with satisfactory results. The economy has surprised everyone by adding nearly 10 miles an hour to the cruising speed, the loss of 10 horse-power being counterbalanced by reduced frontal area.

The dual-purpose Autogiro, designed and built by Pitcairns in Pennsylvania. It has a British Pobjoy engine, specially geared so that it can drive the road wheels as well as the airscrew. A demonstration in England is expected next year

The Atlantic Again

JAMES MOLLISON has again shown us just how good a pilot he is by crossing the Atlantic in record time—13¼ hours from Newfoundland to London—and by alighting at his destination instead of in the rough. Lindbergh's crossing to Paris set a standard that very few have been able to follow, but Mollison landed at Croydon within a few minutes of his scheduled time. The Bellanca "Flash," known at one time as the Irish "Swoop," had 700 horse-power to push it along at a comfortable 200 miles an hour. Mollison flew with the lid open the whole way across and wearing one flying boot, which explains somewhat his cold feeling on arrival in London. Such flights are undoubtedly for pioneers. The passenger of to-morrow will be centrally heated, air-conditioned and supplied with any internal warming spirits that are required. The bar opens as soon as the aircraft leaves the ground, no matter what time of the day or night it may be, and there are no restricted areas. "Canopus," first Imperial Airways' flying-boat of the latest type to go into service, covered the 1000-odd miles between Alexandria and Brindisi in 7 hours 20 minutes, including stops in Crete and at Athens. On the return journey, she made it in 8 hours, against the scheduled 13 of the older "Scipio" class which she replaces. Comments along the route, particularly French and Italian experts' remarks, are most gratifying. The "C" type is a winner.

A. RIBBED JUMPER coat in soft wool with contrasting scarf 21/9. Proofed Barathea cloth skirt to match the jumper 49/6.

B. RIBBED WOOL jumper coat with contrasting or matching sleeves 21/9. Heavy woollen gored skirt—black, brown or navy 29/6.

CORDUROY CAP with warm ear-flaps 16/9.

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Fine Seal Note Case, with pockets for £1 and 10/- notes only. Two 9ct. gold corners. Navy, Black or Brown.

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Fine Seal Wallet, very thin unlined, with long back pocket and 3 flat pockets, two 9ct. gold corners. Navy or Black.

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by

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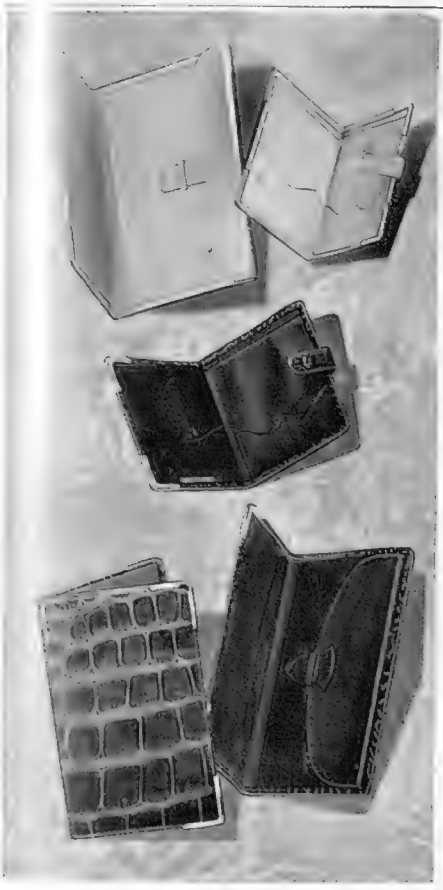

On left **Pigskin Wallet,** lined pigskin long back pocket, 3 flat pockets, also pockets for cards and stamps. 2 silver gilt corners.

21/-

Pigskin Treasury Note Case, with pockets for cards and stamps. Mounted four silver gift corners.

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Crocodile Treasury Note Case, lined calf, pockets for cards and stamps. 2 silver gilt corners.

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Crocodile Letter Case, lined calf long back pocket and 5 flat note pockets. 2 silver gilt corners.

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REFILLS 3/5

At this Tattoo Selector, on the better cosmetic counters everywhere, you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo shades.

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red yet. Brilliant, impudently daring, this new shade has been dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. Positively will not turn purplish.

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and Titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing and alluring.

TATTOO

Modern Aids to Beauty

Photo by Dover Street Studios

A clear, transparent skin which sparkles with youth, is within the reach of every woman who uses Cyclax preparations. While Special Lotion draws out all impurities, Skin Food nourishes and strengthens the tissues, making the contours firm and taught. When making up, apply rouge followed by either Sunburn or Blended Lotion, and powder lightly. Special eye-drops will clear the whites and brighten the pupils, whereas Lustrozene on the eyelashes will make them grow long and silky

Lessons in Loveliness

A LOVELY skin is like a rare flower which requires constant care and attention. It must be cherished and protected from youth upwards, lest it wither and fade. The trouble with so many people however, is that they hurriedly cleanse their face night and morning with a cream or lotion, and forget all about the other essentials, namely, nourishing and toning. In time their complexions become dry and lifeless when no amount of make-up will do any good. In fact, an excess of cream, powder and rouge only serve to clog and stifle the pores still more. Cyclax, the well-known beauty specialists, 58, South Molton Street, have created a number of excellent preparations for preserving and beautifying the complexion. A detailed account of their home treatment is given in "Six Lessons in Loveliness," a series of booklets which will gladly be sent free on request.

A Dazzling Complexion

OF all the Cyclax preparations, Special Lotion is probably the most sought after, as it can truthfully be said to work miracles overnight. Like a magnet it draws every particle of acid waste from below the surface of the skin, leaving the pores clean and free to function normally. Two or three applications will make even a badly discoloured skin shades lighter, and a fair skin dazzlingly white. In the case of a blemished skin which is thoroughly out of condition, it should be used regularly every night for a week, and subsequently once a week only. Before applying the lotion, wash the face thoroughly with Cyclax soap and water. Then paint on a thick coat and let it dry before applying a second. In the morning, massage generously with Cyclax Skin Food and rinse with Braceine Skin Tonic diluted in cold water.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER handicap spoons during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

October Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Below S.S.
Miss McKenny	The Warren	75	8	67	74	7
Mrs. H. D. Brewster	Blairgowrie	86	13	73	79	6
Miss J. Garry	Goodwood	81	14	67	73	6
Miss H. L. Eddis	Burhill	83	13	70	75	5
Mrs. T. Walker	Fairhaven	82	13	69	74	5
Mrs. D. Fitter	Harborne	88	18	70	75	5
Mrs. L. V. Jennings	Cooden Beach	84	12	72	76	4
Miss N. Jones	Trentham	86	14	72	76	4
Miss W. M. Cooke	Scarborough	85	16	69	73	4
Miss M. V. Crompton	Banstead Downs	82	12	70	73	3
Mrs. R. W. Lewis	Shrewsbury	86	14	72	75	3
Miss Nancy Cook	Caernarvonshire	80	8	72	74	2
Mrs. A. Frost	Sandwell Park	79	8	71	73	2
Mrs. Stronach	North Hants	80	9	71	73	2
Miss Vaux	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	83	10	73	75	2

The spoon for the best scratch score of the month not winning under handicap has been won by Miss Phyllis Moore, Stratford-on-Avon, with 74 gross, one below the Scratch Score of the course, and she was playing from +2.

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Below S.S.
Mrs. Scanes	Exeter	91	28	63	74	11
Miss E. D. Brooks	Birkdale	97	31	66	76	10
Mrs. N. F. Morley	Astbury	77	19	58	67	9
Miss Stidston	Yelverton	102	36	66	75	9
Miss F. Mills	Fairhaven	97	30	67	74	7
Mrs. Walter Wolfe	Highgate	97	30	67	74	7
Mrs. H. Rothery	Huddersfield	97	26	71	77	6
Mrs. M. Pooley	Ealing	96	27	69	75	6
Mrs. John Bland	Aldershot Command	96	29	67	73	6
Mrs. A. S. James	Birkdale	102	32	70	76	6
Mrs. A. Lewis	Birkdale	96	25	71	76	5
Mrs. E. Morland	Birkdale	100	29	71	76	5
Mrs. M. Hughes	The Warren	91	21	70	74	4
Miss P. Baxter	Belton Park	97	28	69	73	4
Miss E. L. Carr	South Shields	102	30	72	76	4

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Miss Bickerdyke-Cook-Stephan

Dulcinora Bickerdyke-Cook-Stephan, daughter of Mr. H. J. C. Stephan, of Cape Town, and Mrs. Stephan, of 20, Cadogan Court, is engaged to Alan Holden Wilson Picton, of Madeira Park, Tunbridge Wells, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Picton

Pearl Freeman

Edith Jenkinson

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jenkinson, of 3, St. Andrews Mansions, W.14; she is engaged to J. M. Mackay, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackay, of Glebe End, Nairn, Scotland

Lenare

Phyllis Parsons-Smith

Announces her engagement to John Fisher, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fisher, of Wanley House, Eastergate, Chichester; she is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Basil Parsons-Smith, of Lincoln House, Basil Street, Knightsbridge

Chamberlayne — Barnett

John Edward Stanes Chamberlayne, 16/5th Lancers, son of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Chamberlayne, of The Elm, Chipping Norton, and Daphne Helena Barnett, second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Barnett, of Glympton Park, Woodstock, were married at Glympton Church

Stubbs — Garraway

At the Abbey Church, Waterford, Ireland, John Commerell Stubbs, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stubbs, of Paddock House, Benson, Oxon., married Kathleen Garraway, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edward Garraway and Lady Garraway, of Rockshire, Waterford

Thorne — Eliott

Landon Ketchum Thorne, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Thorne, of 740, Park Avenue, New York City, and Veronica Eliott, daughter of Sir Gilbert and Lady Eliott, of Stobs, were married at Wolfe-lee, Bonchester Bridge, Roxburghshire, the bride's home

Kaye — Hinchliffe

Edward Clifford Kaye, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kaye, of The Heather, Edgerton, Huddersfield, and Sarah Hinchliffe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Hinchliffe, of Blythswood, Barnsley, were married at St. Mary's, Barnsley

Beaumont — Varley

Claude Beaumont, eldest son of Sir Henry and Lady Beaumont, of Stanswood House, Fawley, Hants., and Diana Varley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Varley, of 22, Wilton Place, S.W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Janssen — Lydekker

At Holy Trinity, Putney Heath, André Janssen, son of Baron Emmanuel Janssen, of Brussels, married Patricia Lydekker, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Guy Lydekker, of Lindum, Rusholme Road, Putney

Burton-Burton — Hoerter

John Burton-Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Langhorn Burton, of Tudor Court, Wimbledon, married Vera Hoerter at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Hoerter and Mrs. Hoerter, of 54, Warwick Gardens, W.

Craske — Borrer

Robert Mervyn Craske, third son of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Craske and Mrs. Craske, of Birr, King's Co., Ireland, and Helen Borrer, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Borrer, of 21, Tite Street, Chelsea, were married at Christ Church, Chelsea

Mayer — Gordon-Duff

At St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, Edward Mayer, youngest son of the late Max Mayer and Mrs. Mayer, of 20, Bolton Gardens, S.W., married Mrs. Rosemary Gordon-Duff, daughter of the late Thomas Craven and Mrs. Craven, of 8, Kensington Court, W.

Villiers — Grissell

Lieut. John Michael Villiers, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Villiers, of Hatfield Grange, Bishop's Stortford, and Rosemary Grissell, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Bernard Grissell, D.S.O., and Lady Astley Cubitt, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Reid — Geddes

George Thyne Reid, of Narrangullen, Yass, N.S.W., youngest son of Andrew Reid, of Sydney, and Mary Walker Geddes, daughter of the late John Geddes and Mrs. Geddes, of The Old Rectory, Tewin, Herts., were married at Tewin Church

Williams — Head

John Greville Williams, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Greville Williams, of Harbour House, Itchenor, Sussex, and Pamela Mary Head, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Head, of 101, Iverna Court, W.8, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Barber — Lloyd

William Francis Barber, son of Major and Mrs. T. P. Barber, of Lamb Close, Eastwood, Notts., and Diana Lloyd, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. O. Lloyd, of Minard, Argyllshire, were married at Christ Church, Lochgilphead

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 11 — November 17

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALL-IN MARRIAGE.—Americo-Canadian comedy with Cora Goffin, Harcourt Williams and Violet Farebrother: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans as Rosalind, Edna Best as Celia, William Devlin as the Duke; Molly McArthur settings: Old Vic, 8. Wed., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Comedy in the house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING AND MISTRESS SHORE.—Clifford Bax's historical; Gyles Isham as Edward IV., Joan Maude as his mistress, Jane Shore: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUTED STRINGS.—About Beethoven's passion for la Guicciardi; Keneth Kent as the composer, Violet Vanbrugh, Jane Baxter, Isobel Elsom: Daly's, 8.30.

PARNELL.—Elsie Schauffler's fine biographical play, unbanned, has Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie to lead: New, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Successful transposition of Jane Austen to the stage, still running well with Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WILD DUCK.—Ibsen's great tragedy, with Marius Goring, Cecil Trouncer and Ruth Wynn-Owen: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—The second edition of this peppy, colourful revue: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOING PLACES.—Vivian Ellis's musical goes slow in places, but American June Knight is a great hit, and Arthur Riscoe is good: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Florence Desmond is the lead in this big mixed entertainment: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 84.—Humour by Ken Douglas, Hal Bryan, Leslie Spurling, Jimmie Bates; toe-dancing by Nanette; stained-glass window ballet, slaves tableau: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety. 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town, with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Roger Livesey lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Has been seen here on the screen (*We Three*); Valerie Taylor and Ursula Jeans: Gate, Thurs., 12th.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan: Apollo, Thurs., 12th.

CINEMAS

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937 (American).—Centres, of course, round a radio station; Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, Benny Goodman and his band, Jack Benny, Gracie Allen: Plaza.

DODSWORTH (American).—Fine acting by Walter Huston as a home-spun American in Europe; Ruth Chatterton his would-be-socialite wife: Tivoli.

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russo-Finnish frontier; story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy.

THE GAY DESPERADO (American).—Mexican swift-mover with Leo Carrillo and Ida Lupino: London Pavilion.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: Hippodrome, 2.15 and 8.15.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—See him (Gary Cooper) before he leaves, at the Rialto.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell and Carole Lombard in the strong social comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE ROAD TO GLORY (American).—Fine war tale with Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, June Lang: Empire.

REMBRANDT (British).—Laughton as the painter, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence in Korda's colourful if slightly artificial picture of the period: Leicester Square.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Magnificent production by Thalberg; Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, miscast as the lovers, act splendidly; John Barrymore makes a fine Mercutio: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SWING TIME (American).—The newest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers; plot less than ever but dancing and music fine: Regal.

THANK YOU, JEEVES! (American).—Arthur Treacher as the gentleman's gentleman; David Niven as the gentleman: New Gallery.

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DRESDEN STATE OPERA, COVENT GARDEN:

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DON JUAN.—Friday, 13th, 7.45.

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 11th, 8.

AÏDA.—Thurs., 12th, 7.45.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 14th, 2.30.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 14th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

DOUANES, NOCTURNE, LAC DES CYGNES (Act III.).—Fri., 13th, 8.30.

CARNAVAL, NOCTURNE, AURORA (pas de deux, FAÇADE.—Tues., 17th, 8.30.

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Recitals

LAMOND.—Recitals to celebrate 50th anniversary of his first appearance in London: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 12th, 8.15 (Liszt); Sat., 14th, 3 (Beethoven).

GRISHA GOLUBOFF: Queen's Hall, Mon., 16th, 8.30.

MARIAN ANDERSON: Queen's Hall, Tues., 17th, 8.15.

Orchestral and Choral

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR: Queen's Hall, to-night, 11th, 8.15.

DRESDEN STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA.—Boehm conducts: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 12th, 8.15 (Wagner, Bruckner, Beethoven); Sat., 14th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts; Moiseiwitch is the soloist: Queen's Hall, Sunday, 15th, 3.30

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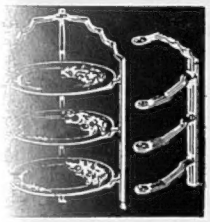

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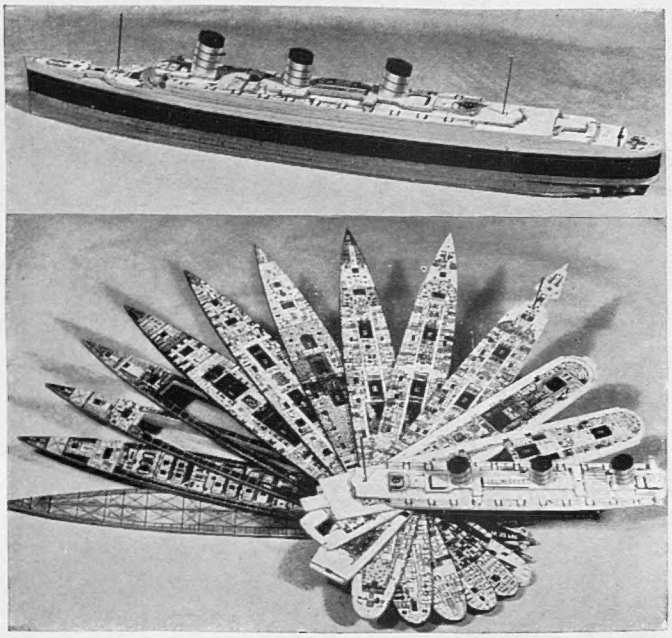

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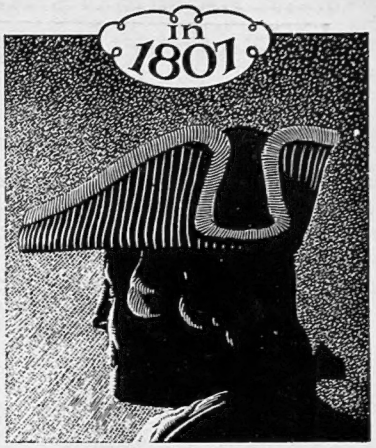
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SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL CONTENTS:

THE MYSTERY OF WILL WATCH, THE BOLD SMUGGLER: the principal item in the Number, on which the Editor has lavished months of preparation, deals with smuggling and smugglers, and more particularly with a mysterious character known as Will Watch, whose stirring deeds typify the romance of the period. Special illustrations illuminate the text.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY INTERLUDE: Charles Brock contributes the central double-page plate entitled: "References"; a very charming companion is seeking employment, and is facing the keen scrutiny of the lady of the house, while her son ceases reading to gaze with approval at the new-comer.

ROMANCE OF EARLIER TIMES: Mr. HOOKWAY COWLES, under the title "WHEN SOCRATES DINED," brings to life the attractive people depicted on the famous red and black vases of early Greece.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: readers with a bent towards the historical will welcome the narrative of the "LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," the result of original research bringing together for the first time details of how the unfortunate Queen was carried to her final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Among a host of other subjects and pictured incidents occur the following — "WHEN WOMEN WENT JERKINED AND SPURRED" illustrated by A. DAVIS, "BLACK MONDAY" and "DULCE DOMUM" from paintings by W. R. BIGG, A.R.A., "RURAL BLISS" by HELEN MACKENZIE, "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING" by ALFRED AUSTIN, with decorations by GLADYS REES, and a number of stories and poems too numerous to specify. The Pictorial Competition which has proved such a popular feature during past years, will be continued in this issue.

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